

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THE IDLE MONEY AND THE IDLE MEN

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Four

LOST GUIDE SEEN AGAIN

AFTER 107 YEARS

A Dramatic Discovery and How
It Was Made Known

QUEER STORY FROM THE PYRENEES

Mount Maladetta in the Pyrenees, the highest peak of the Monts Maudits, or the Accursed Mountains, has probably as many grim secrets as Mount Everest still hides from us; and by a curious chance one of the most closely guarded of them all has been revealed after more than a century of silence.

In August 1931 a party of mountaineers were crossing the treacherous Maladetta glacier, which is a mile wide and such a formidable obstacle that the stern, forbidding-looking peak is seldom climbed by the most adventurous.

A Nearly Forgotten Episode

In the lower edge of the glacier they saw something projecting from the snow. It was a man's body, which they reverently buried; but in case evidence should be needed they took away with them a woollen scarf, a rusted jack-knife, and a pair of steel ice-creepers, which they gave to the police when reporting the matter.

Soon the episode was nearly forgotten by the outside world, but these clues set some French enthusiasts delving into ancient local records. They have now been rewarded. In the town archives of Luchon, which is situated in a beautiful valley at the foot of the Central Pyrenees, they have discovered a document which tells how, on just such an August day more than a century ago, Pierre Barrau, a guide who was the first person to reach the top of Mount Maladetta, fell into a crevasse and was never seen again.

It was while he was guiding a party of French engineers from the engineering school who were surveying the region that he went ahead to sound the treacherous ground and stepped on to what seemed to be solid ice.

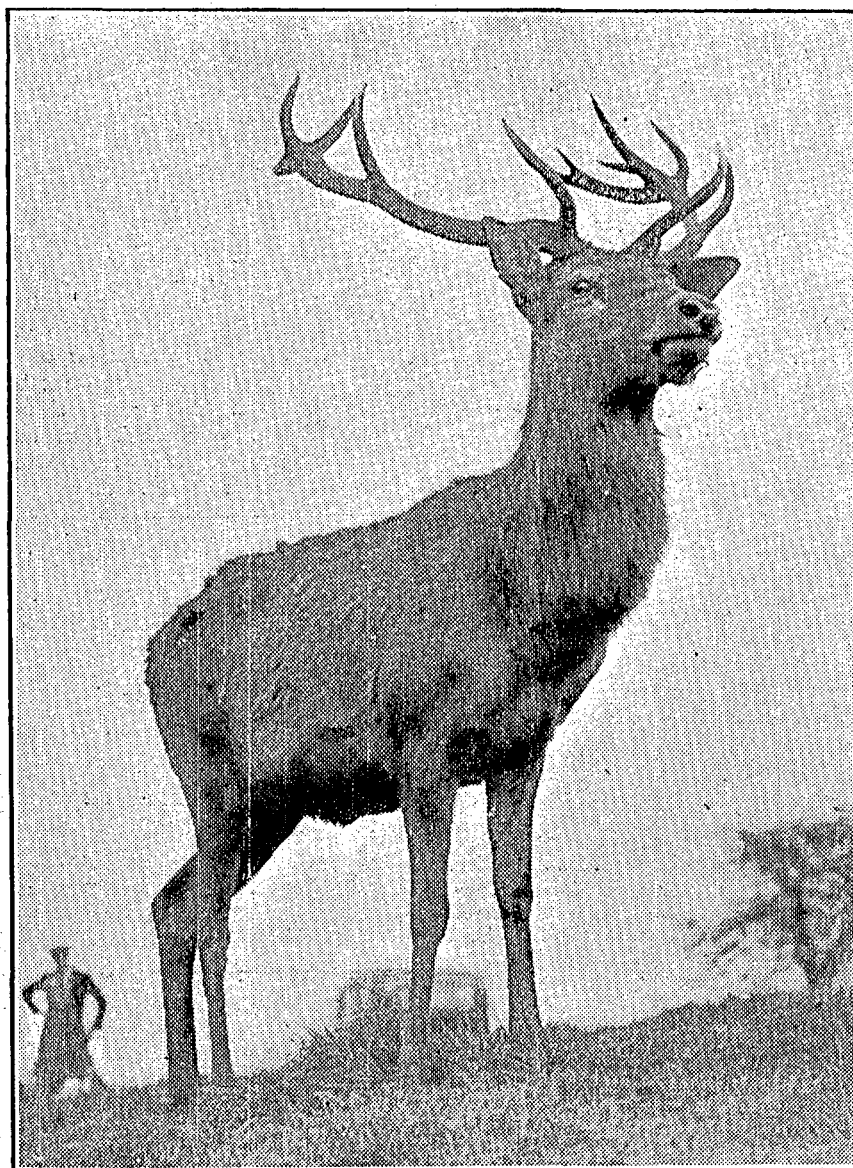
I Am Sinking

It looked so safe to the eyes of Pierre Barrau that in spite of his years of experience he was deceived; instead of ice it proved to be a thin coating of snow which had been blown across a deep rift in the glacier. Nowhere could he find a foothold. "I am sinking!" he cried, and disappeared.

His desperate words were heard by the engineers, but they were unable to find him. When they had abandoned all attempts at rescue they drew up a report in which they wrote the last words of Barrau and the minutest details about his disappearance.

Among these minute details was some information of great importance, a careful description of the clothes he

A King of Richmond



The motorist who stops on the roadside in Richmond Park may find a magnificent stag such as this wandering round his car. The pose of the stag is reminiscent of Landseer's famous painting *The Monarch of the Glen*.

was wearing and of his outfit, which coincided exactly with the description of the garments seen by the mountaineers in 1931 and with the clues they took away with them. It has been proved, therefore, that the body was that of Barrau.

Strangely enough, some good has come of it all. The exact place where the guide disappeared had been recorded by the engineers, and as the body was discovered 1500 yards from this spot it must have moved with the glacier a little less than 15 yards a year during the 107 years since the accident.

This is a useful piece of evidence, for scientists can now calculate with certainty that this is the mean rate of the flow of the Maladetta glacier. We have to thank for this knowledge those French engineers who, by taking a little trouble, made a careful record of the facts 107 years ago, little dreaming that they would be of such value to a future generation.

So it is that knowledge is built up from age to age.

THE STUPIDEST POST IN LONDON

Removed at Last

We have been delighted to see that the Ministry of Transport has taken down the stupidest post in London, to which the C.N. called attention some time ago.

It was one of two posts at the National Gallery corner of Trafalgar Square, facing St Martin's-in-the-Fields. Side by side on the pavement stood these two posts, both with the same request, that we would "Please Cross Here."

It had not occurred to whoever put up these posts that one appeal is enough for two roads. Our authorities seem too often like the Tea Shanty Man who paints the word "Teas" all over his place—on the roof, on the walls, on his gates and posts and windows—until the madness shrieks so much that sane people pass by, willing to be thirsty rather than refreshed at such a place.

A GREAT DAY FOR THE VILLAGE

Camille Breant is a Very
Proud Man

HOW THE CRIPPLE RECEIVED HIS CROSS

Camille Bréant, a crippled hero of the war, must have felt a proud man the other day.

Although he had already received medals for his brave deeds the French Government considered that they were worthy of some greater reward. With this thought they decided that he should be given the much-coveted Cross of the Legion of Honour.

In ordinary circumstances this would have been presented to him at the nearest barracks, but as Bréant had been terribly wounded and had lost a leg his disablement was too great for him to travel so far.

A Delightful Idea

The Commanding Officer of the district was much in sympathy with the Government's decision, and the delightful idea came to him of taking the regiment to the hero's village and there bestowing the decoration with military honours.

We may be sure the troops were pleased at this kindly thought. They marched off in fine spirits, and when they reached the village, which is not far from Cambrai and has the pretty name of Rues-les-Vignes, they drew up in a field near his home, ready to receive him.

Presently Bréant appeared through the gate. As he hobbled into the field, leaning heavily on his crutches, the troops presented arms and the band began to play. The colonel came forward and pinned the Cross on the breast of the crippled warrior. In front of the assembly of troops and village people he spoke words of high praise of his heroism, and then embraced him affectionately.

A Proud and Happy Mother

All at once the crowd made way for somebody to pass.

"It is his mother! It is his mother!" cried the people as they caught a glimpse of a neat little peasant woman. Her face was beaming with smiles, and nobody in the wide world could have looked happier and prouder as she hastened up to her son and kissed him, while the troops and band slowly moved away.

Rues-les-Vignes has settled down again into a typical little French village with its old church and mairie, or town hall.

But a month of Sundays and more will pass before the village people have stopped talking about the day when Camille Bréant received the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

CARRYING ON A MOMENT OF SILENCE AT GENEVA

And What the Disarmament
President Did With It
HOPE IS NOT DEAD YET

— From Our League Correspondent

The unexpected does sometimes happen, and it very decidedly did happen the other day in Geneva.

The hopes of fresh vigour given to the Disarmament Conference by Mr MacDonald's visit, and by the fact of an actual Draft Convention set down in black and white in place of the many plans, were dashed to the ground a few days later by the announcement that an adjournment for at least a month was considered advisable.

But the actual decision had still to be taken and the General Commission was called for the purpose. The President opened the meeting by reading the resolution of the eight million Ex-Service Men. "Carry on with the work" was most certainly their cry. He then asked for opinions.

Silence. No one spoke.

Deliberately then he said: "I take it that your silence means that you will continue your work without delay." *Amazement, incredulity!*

A Show of Hands

This was not what they had meant; yet there was the position. M. Titulesco of Rumania quickly supported Mr Henderson. "Then we take the vote by show of hands," said the President. No one voted against, and Mr Henderson said: "We continue our work tomorrow at 3.30."

It was over in a few moments; the excited buzz of conversation indicated surprise, relief, gladness; but nobody quite knew how or why it had come about. Plans for departure were cancelled. "We carry on and begin in earnest our study of the Draft Convention."

What about that resolution of the eight million Ex-Service Men, their great meeting of the Sunday before, that stirring hour in which their deputation met Mr Henderson, of which he had tried to pass on the impression to the Conference?

It is not only statesmen and politicians that make the world go round.

OLD CROME'S MILL Only His Picture Now Left

It is sad that a link with the famous landscape painter John Crome has been broken through the destruction by fire of the eighteenth-century post windmill he painted over 100 years ago.

The subject of Old Crome's picture The Windmill stood on Mousehold Heath at Sprowston, which is several miles from Norwich.

The fire broke out in brushwood near the mill, and with a strong wind blowing it was impossible to stop the flames from catching the tarred brickwork. Before the brigade could arrive the great handwheel which turned the sails had crashed.

For 127 years Sprowston windmill has been owned by the Harrison family, and it was a tragic circumstance that one of the first men to try to stem the flames was Mr W. A. Harrison, who had worked on the mill over fifty years.

The mill had not been worked for five years past, and a fund had been opened to buy it for the National Trust.

ITALY CALLING

Italy is climbing the heights of her new history and can send forth the words of her old and modern wisdom to the other peoples and open the period of the Fascist Civilisation.

Our doctrine has become universal and our achievement a witness for future generations.

Signor Mussolini

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

Dramatic Scene at an
Operation

**THE SURGEON WHO GAVE
HIMSELF**

Dr Andre Boeckel, surgeon at Strasbourg University, was one of that noble band of healers whose lot it often is to look on death.

He faced his own with an eye that never quailed, with an unsinking heart, and with a hand that failed not.

It was his duty to operate on a patient suffering from a disease so malignant that the operation was one of great risk to the surgeon himself. Before he began he explained the risk to the students watching him, telling them that an operator who pricked himself, however slightly, in the course of such an operation, was certain to contract the disease and to die.

With this warning to others who might have to do what he was prepared to undertake, he began. Within a minute he had the terrible misfortune to nick his arm with the operating knife. The students saw the accident with consternation, but Dr Boeckel motioned to them to remain still.

He carried on. He was the calmest in that chamber of death.

He completed his work. Then he retired to his room. Within a few hours he was seized with the disease.

He had said that death was certain, and it was true. He died.

The highest honours of the Legion of Honour were conferred on him after his death. But by his own act he had joined the immortal legion of heroes.

HE SLEEPS AT LAST IN HIS NATIVE LAND

Raised from a grave at Fez in Morocco, where it has rested for 27 years, the coffin containing all that is mortal of a British officer has been carried over land and sea to be buried at Dundee.

The officer's name was Angus Howard Reginald Ogilvy, and he was a major in the Hussars who won the D.S.O. for services in the South African War.

Soon after the end of that war he was invited to become Instructor of Cavalry by the Sultan of Morocco, who well knew the value of a soldier of our race; for was not Kaid Sir Harry Maclean the chief instructor of his army, and a valued counsellor at his Court?

Sir Angus Ogilvy died at Fez at the age of 46, but so disturbed has been the State of Morocco since then that it has been impossible to bring his body home till now.

A PICTURE AT WELBECK

The Duke of Portland has had a wonderful surprise.

For years a picture has hung almost unnoticed in an odd corner of one of the galleries at Welbeck Abbey. It was believed to be a copy of a portrait of Rembrandt painted by himself.

Not long ago the picture was taken down and sent to be examined by an expert, who cleaned it and declared that it was almost certainly the original painting. Close scrutiny has confirmed this opinion. The date on the picture shows that it was painted in the year of the Restoration. Nobody guessed that it was so valuable.

SKULLS AND PANCAKES

Dr A. Nobbs (at a Battersea inquest): The skull of the man was only as thick as a pancake.

Coroner: But the thickness of a pancake varies.

Dr Nobbs: No, it should not vary. All pancakes should be of the same thickness.

Coroner: That was my ignorance, evidently; but pancakes don't often figure in a coroner's court.

EIGHT MILLION MEN WANT PEACE

FRIENDS AND FOES IN
THE WAR

The Appeal of the Blind and
Crippled and Maimed

**WHAT MATTERS AND
WHAT DOES NOT**

Eight million men in fifteen countries were represented at a mass meeting held the other day in Geneva to demand a full measure of Disarmament.

These eight millions are the Ex-Service men grouped together in organisations (of which the British Legion is one) working in all the countries of Europe for good understanding between all peoples. Their delegates to Geneva, marching in a great procession across the city, were so numerous that the Reformation Hall, seating 2000, could not accommodate half of them, and the meeting had to be held twice.

Many among these delegates carry with them for the remainder of their lives the marks of the last war; blind, crippled, maimed, deprived of health and strength, they plead that such a fate may nevermore be imposed upon innocent human beings. They demand

Who Stops the Wheels Going Round?

THE Government is not holding up schemes. The alleged blockade by the Government does not exist. Chancellor of the Exchequer

PUBLIC WORKS to the value of £50,000,000 are held up owing to the Government refusing to sanction loans or make grants; or advising authorities to economise.

Secretary of Building
National Council

only to live in peace (the British Legion is pledged to secure Peace and Goodwill on Earth); and their resolution calls for substantial, simultaneous, and progressive disarmament, for the suppression of trade in arms, and for effective international control.

In presenting the resolution to Mr Henderson on the following day one of the speakers put all this into very plain words. He said:

It matters little to these men that the homes in which they shelter their loved ones should be threatened by aircraft with one motor or with three; what they want is that their homes should be safe.

It matters little to the mothers whether their children should be killed by shells of a calibre of 75 or of 105 mm, whether their lungs are eaten away by yellow or by green gas; what they desire is that these lives may be sheltered from all shells and from all gases.

That is why we ask for a substantial reduction of armaments.

We do not wish that odious and contemptible egoisms should again be able to build up, upon misery, ruin, and death, fortunes compounded of mud and blood, and that is why we ask for the abolition of the private manufacture of, and trade in, arms.

We do not desire that those of bad faith should be able to take advantage of universal good faith, and that is why we ask for a severe, effective, and continuous supervision in order to ensure that disarmament shall be a reality.

We print part of Mr Henderson's speech to these men in our leading column on page 6.

ROMANCE LOOKS IN OLD MRS KASZNER HAS A SURPRISE

The First Conversation Between
Manila and Denmark
HER SON CALLING

Unknown, unrecognised, and impalpable as a dream, Romance comes and goes among us, and we all but forget its existence till something sets suddenly beating about us the golden wings of the Marvellous.

This is what happened a month or so ago in a certain modest household in the little Danish town of Horsens, an ordinary, humdrum household consisting of an honest master mason named Kaszner and his wife. Who would have expected anything wonderful to happen in it? And yet is not the unexpected the very life-blood of Romance?

The Voice Through the Telephone

It all began in the most prosaic manner in the world with the telephone bell ringing. Old Mrs Kaszner took up the receiver, thinking it was probably her friend and neighbour going to ask her to come round for a chat. But no, it was not her voice. After a few minutes of confused talk, which she could not understand, there came to her a very different voice, strong and young, a voice which had once been as familiar to her as her own, but which she had hardly hoped to hear again.

"Hullo, Mother, how are you?" it said. "This is Oluf speaking."

Oluf, who had gone out to the Philippines 14 years before, and made a successful career for himself in a big Telephone and Telegraph Syndicate! How could it be Oluf?

"Where are you speaking from?" asked Mrs Kaszner, all a-tremble.

"Why, from Manila, of course," came the answer, clear as though it had had no more than a mile or two to travel.

A Pleasant and Cosy Talk

After that they talked, pleasantly and cosily. Mrs Kaszner heard that her son was suffering badly from the heat at the moment, and made him envious by telling him that all round Horsens the fields were still covered with snow.

It was only three days before that telephone communication had been established between the Philippines and America, solemnly inaugurated by the President of the United States. Oluf Kaszner had apparently lost no time in availing himself of the possibility this gave him of saying Hullo! to his mother. His was the first conversation to take place between Manila and Denmark since the world began.

What more fitting than that it should have been a conversation between a mother and her son?

THINGS SAID

When people think they always read.

Mr John Buchan, M.P.

The unemployed army is more dangerous to peace than the soldiers.

Dr F. W. Norwood

We English have the belief that if our hearts are stout it does not matter how thick our heads are. Sir Norman Angell

One square inch of the surface of one of the hotter stars would provide power to drive an Atlantic liner. Sir James Jeans

We shall only attain our goal when all Germany, including Austria, is united. Leader of the Nazis

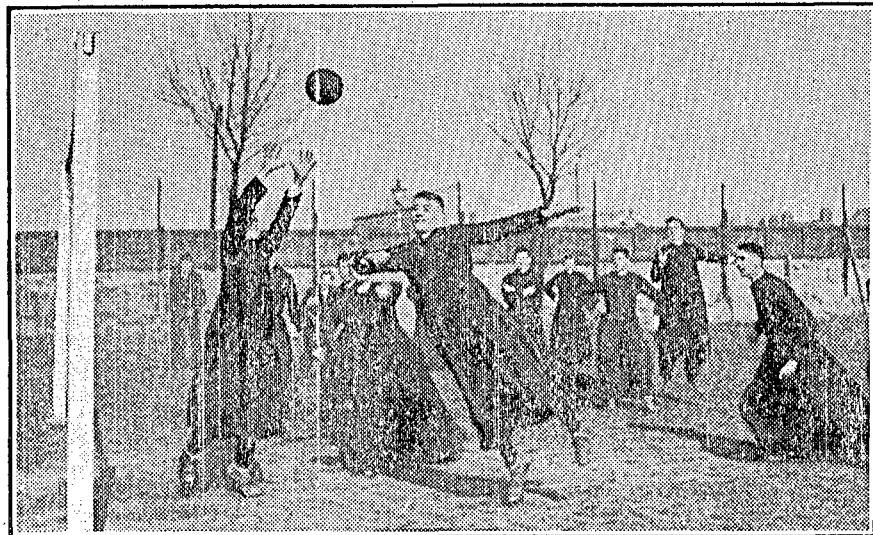
Look where I will, the impression is conveyed that Great Britain has conserved its power.

Vice-President of Argentina

A good definition of civilised man would be *A man who prefers to see a thing made rather than to see it destroyed.*

Sir William Bragg

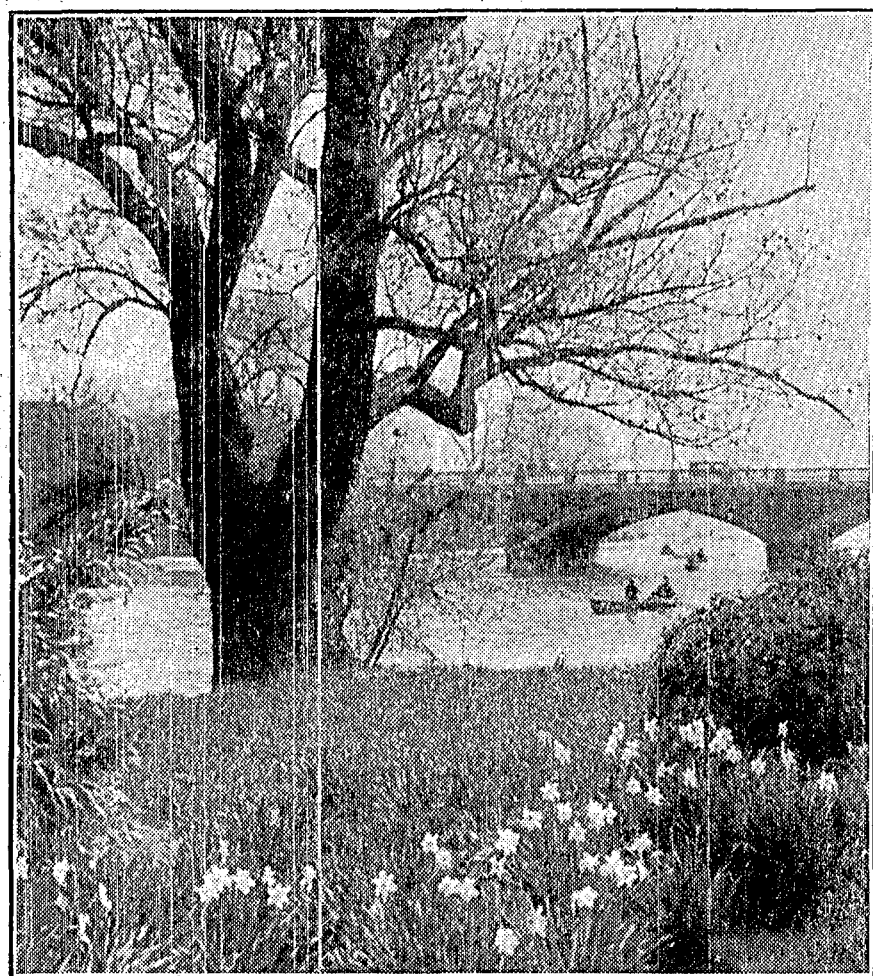
CLOAKED FOOTBALLERS · SPRING IN TWO MOODS · YOUNG MUSICIANS



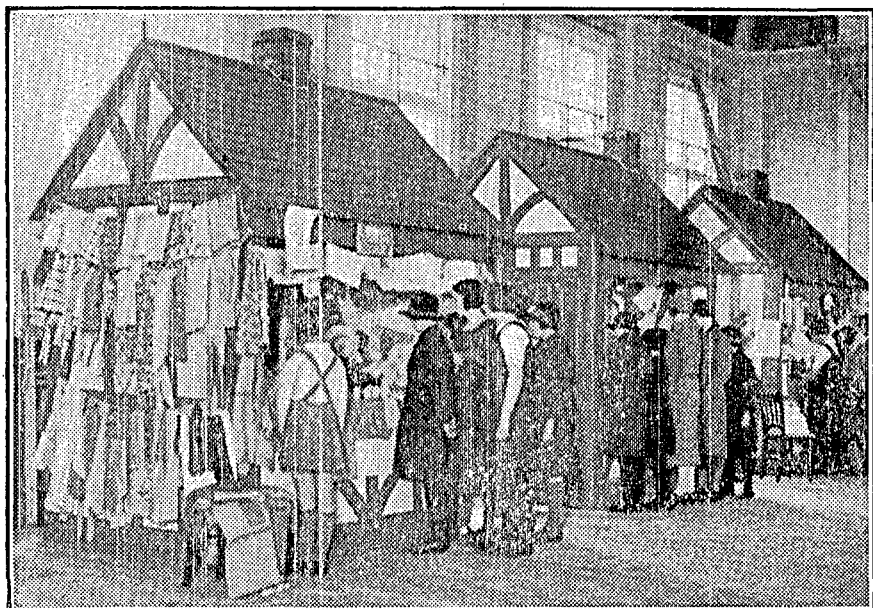
Football Under Difficulties—All footballers will appreciate the great handicap the cloaks of these Salesian brothers must be. The photograph was taken at their college near Oxford.



The Brigade Pet—Drake O'Dowan is the name of the proud dog which is often seen at the head of the Hatcham Girls Brigade. Here he is leading the band along the Old Kent Road.



Moods of Spring—There are two very different aspects of early Spring, as these pictures show. The first was taken on a fine day in Kensington Gardens, with daffodils in bloom; the second shows a boisterous sea dashing over the promenade at St Leonards during a gale.



The Village Street—When the girls of Loughton High School organised a sale in aid of the School Scholarship Endowment Fund the sale-room was made to represent a village street, with miniature shops as stalls and a pump which yielded surprise packets.



Young Musicians—At the Musical Competition Festival held in the Central Hall at Westminster the piano solo for children of eight years and under was won by Doneta Bunday of Enfield, who is seen here entertaining some of the other competitors.

THE GREAT BANK HOLIDAY

WHAT IT WAS LIKE
Stories of the Days When
America Could Get No Money
THE BOY AND HIS PENNIES

A C.N. reader in America sends us this account of the great unwanted Bank Holiday in that country.

When England has a Bank Holiday everyone goes to the seaside or the country to celebrate; but when the United States decided to have a bank holiday not long ago people stayed at home and did not do much celebrating.

Because many people had become frightened at bank failures, and had drawn their money out of banks all over the country, the Government closed all banks to prevent them from growing too weak and also to stop gold hoarding.

The strange part of it all was that, though people had been frightened before, when all the banks were closed and they could get no money for four days, the majority of them forgot their fear and became amused at the peculiar situations it brought about.

Small Change Wanted

A sixteen-year-old boy in Illinois had been saving every penny he got toward college since he was a baby. The merchants of the little town knew about his great store of pennies, and began begging him to exchange them for bills because they needed change so badly. The boy discovered that he had 11,357 small coins, which would amount to about £22 in English money. When the pennies were all exchanged he chuckled and said, "Who would have thought the day would come when the merchants would be begging for my coppers?"

A New York newsboy sold papers on the first day of the bank holiday by offering to change dollar bills for those who bought his papers.

A Kansas farmer and his son offered a barber 15 eggs each for a haircut as they had no money. A tram conductor accepted a tube of toothpaste, a bag of apples, a chicken, and a new magazine as fares from passengers in a single day. A hotel accepted a pig as payment for a lodging bill by a stranded farmer.

The Swap Column

Everywhere people were bartering gleefully for services and goods they needed. One newspaper introduced a Swap Column in its classified advertising section, and in this column can be found such suggestions as the following:

A harness, farm tools, and two milk goats for car or cow.

Three-room flat in exchange for office services.

Two acres for implements or a good horse.

Millionaires were little better off than the rest of us. In a very expensive California hotel the millionaire guests were forced to use a sort of stage money in the dining-room. One man was much embarrassed because he had to borrow back the wages he had paid his chauffeur the day before. A clergyman announced to his flock that he would accept IOUs in place of cash as a gift offering at a church service.

And so it went—everybody accepting IOUs, bartering and scheming ways to get along without much money for the duration of the great American Bank Holiday.

Is it not wonderful how little use money really is, and yet how hard life is without it?

EXCHANGE

Six swans from a Weymouth bird sanctuary are travelling 6000 miles to their new home at Edmonton in Alberta. Six Canadian geese will be sent to Weymouth in exchange.

The Idle Money and the Idle Men

MILLIONS OF BOTH DOING NOTHING
Bring Them Together and Set the
Wheels of the New World Going Round
RESPONSIBILITY OF THE GOVERNMENT FOR NATIONAL STAGNATION

THERE is a glut of money awaiting investment. Hundreds of millions of pounds are lying idle.

Yet the registered unemployed at the official employment exchanges number nearly 3,000,000, and as not all the unemployed are registered, the actual number out of work must be over three millions. A number less than this, but still enormous, have had nothing to do for over six months. Since the Armistice the nation has spent about a thousand million pounds, not to produce anything, not to do useful work, but merely to maintain men and women in idleness.

Thus we make idleness. Thus we perpetuate unemployment. Thus we degrade the bodies and souls of a large part of what ought to be our working population.

No wonder there is growing grave discontent with this position, which has been denounced in the C.N. for years. Men of all parties are calling on the Government to make an end of the policy of doing nothing and to give a spur to activity by setting an example.

Investors Waiting For Action

How eagerly investors are seeking outlets for capital is seen in the success of the loans raised in the north of England. Middlesbrough asked for a million, and could have had it 20 times over. The County Council of the West Riding of Yorkshire invited subscriptions for £1,000,000 of stock, the interest offered being only 3½ per cent. Immediately there was a rush of investors, and the subscription list had to be closed in fifteen minutes. In a quarter of an hour subscriptions were raised not for £1,000,000 but for £14,000,000, applications pouring in from all quarters.

This money is being raised by the West Riding for the construction of highways, bridges, schools, and so on; and its expenditure, of course, will give employment to a large number of men. We imagine that directly and indirectly, as a result, some 10,000 workers will obtain a year's work.

Think what that means! Not only are men called into work, but because they work they will cease to be a drain on public funds. *By so much taxes and rates will fall.*

Then, again, the work will be profitable to contractors, and therefore taxable income will rise and the Exchequer will gain revenue.

So true it is that activity breeds activity, just as inaction breeds inaction.

Courage Versus Crisis

This good Yorkshire move also illustrates the great truth that we can fight the crisis in the home market. While we cannot compel all the world to come to peace and understanding (the most we can do in that direction being to set an example and to be reasonable and helpful in conference), at home in our own country we can apply British capital to British labour and British materials, thus helping the world in helping ourselves.

It is true there is trouble abroad, but that very truth should cause us to be more active at home.

The time has come when it is necessary for the nation to address itself to its Government and to demand action.

The National Government has been in power since September 1931. All it has done for unemployment has been to discourage the public use of capital. It has discouraged our towns and cities and all our local authorities in attacking idleness. It has been dealing in words, and poor words too.

The Government has the power at this time to raise a Reconstruction Loan at a very low rate of interest, and to place the money at the disposal of local authorities on the most attractive terms.

In Italy the Government lends cheap money for housing. It would be a bold stroke that would call hundreds of thousands of men directly into work to borrow at 3 per cent and re-lend to local authorities for housing at only 2 per cent. The loss of one per cent by the Exchequer would be far more than recouped by

*hundreds of thousands ceasing to draw unemployment benefit;
hundreds of thousands brought into employment through the spending of the building trades;
higher incomes of business firms yielding income tax to the revenue.*

Too Much Work

It is not true that there is not enough work to do. There is more work to do at home than we have labour to apply to it.

The cheapness of money at this time, due to the very fact that no good opportunity offers for its investment, gives the Government a glorious opportunity to do the thing that ought to be done.

For example, the Government with its cheap money could revive the railways, at the same time demanding a thoroughly reformed national organisation, so that we could travel or send goods with the utmost facility from any part of the country to any other.

The Electrical Example

The one industry which has been thus organised since the war (electrical supply) has grown right through a period of depression for the same reason. What is true of electricity is obviously true of housing, of mines, of coast works, of land works, of roads, of telephones, of bridges, of recreation grounds, of schools, of waterways. All these things, and many more, can be worked upon and ought to be worked upon *not less but more* because the world outside is in trouble.

As soon as we apply capital and labour to these purposes we create a flow of income, the expenditure of which causes revival in every trade. When a bricklayer is laying bricks he and his family buy boots and cottons and woollens and household gear. Those called upon for supplies in their turn buy from others. So money is brought into circulation and trade revives.

A Government which refuses to entertain these common-sense conceptions of public policy neglects a great opportunity and makes itself responsible for the continuation of distress. Budget day approaches. The nation looks to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to reverse a policy of inaction which creates a vicious circle of unemployment.

We must cease to pay men to be idle, and must pay men to be useful.

NORWICH IS A SEAPORT

There has been an interesting revival of coastwise shipping on our East Coast.

A number of motor coasting ships of shallow draught have been employed in the last year or two, and coal has been freely shipped from Scotland and Northumberland to the South. This is what took place in the early days before the railways, when such coal was often known as "seaborne coal."

Norwich has revived as a seaport, and some 40,000 tons of coal a year are now being shipped to the town. Yet not long ago it was very rarely that Norwich received such a cargo.

THE FOUR-POWER PACT

WHAT IT MUST FACE
The Injustices That Must Be
Taken Out of the Peace
SOONER OR LATER

Mussolini's proposal for a Four-Power Pact raises the all-important question of revising the Peace Treaties.

The four Treaties are those made by the victor Powers with:

Germany: Treaty of Versailles.

Austria: Treaty of St Germain.

Hungary: Treaty of Trianon.

Bulgaria: Treaty of Neuilly.

By these Treaties the defeated nations were disarmed and deprived of territory and much else.

In the years that have elapsed it has become apparent that Europe will never have a lasting peace until these Treaties have been revised. When Mussolini speaks of revision he refers in general terms to a very large number of disputed points, but the following are the chief matters at issue.

1. **The Polish Corridor.** The Peace Treaty divided East Prussia from West Prussia by giving Poland a strip of territory running North to the Baltic. Also, the splendid port of Danzig, the capital of West Prussia, was taken from Germany and made a separate territory. The Germans claim that this territory should be restored, and point out that no other country in the world is thus cut into two parts.

2. **Upper Silesia.** The Treaty of Versailles provided that the people of Upper Silesia should decide by election whether they desired to remain German or to become part of Poland. When the elections took place in 1921 there were 717,000 votes for Germany and 484,000 for Poland, yet in spite of these figures the richest part of Upper Silesia was awarded to Poland.

3. **The German Colonies.** The Peace Treaty deprived Germany of all her colonies and distributed them among the victors, to be controlled by them under the League of Nations. Germany demands the return of these colonies and points out that Britain and France, who took them over, already possess nearly half the world.

4. **Hungary's Grievance.** The Peace reduced Hungary from 125,000 square miles to 36,000, and her population from 21 to 8 millions. Nearly four million Hungarians are now living under foreign flags. Hungary claims the return of at least part of her old territory, so that her Hungarian citizens may be restored to her.

5. **Austria.** The Peace reduced Austria to an impossible economic unit, and she has since been on the verge of bankruptcy. She claims at least the right to form a Customs Union with Germany.

6. **Bulgaria.** As things are, Bulgaria is cut off from the sea. A large Bulgarian population was cut away by the Peace, and Bulgaria claims the revision of the Treaty boundaries.

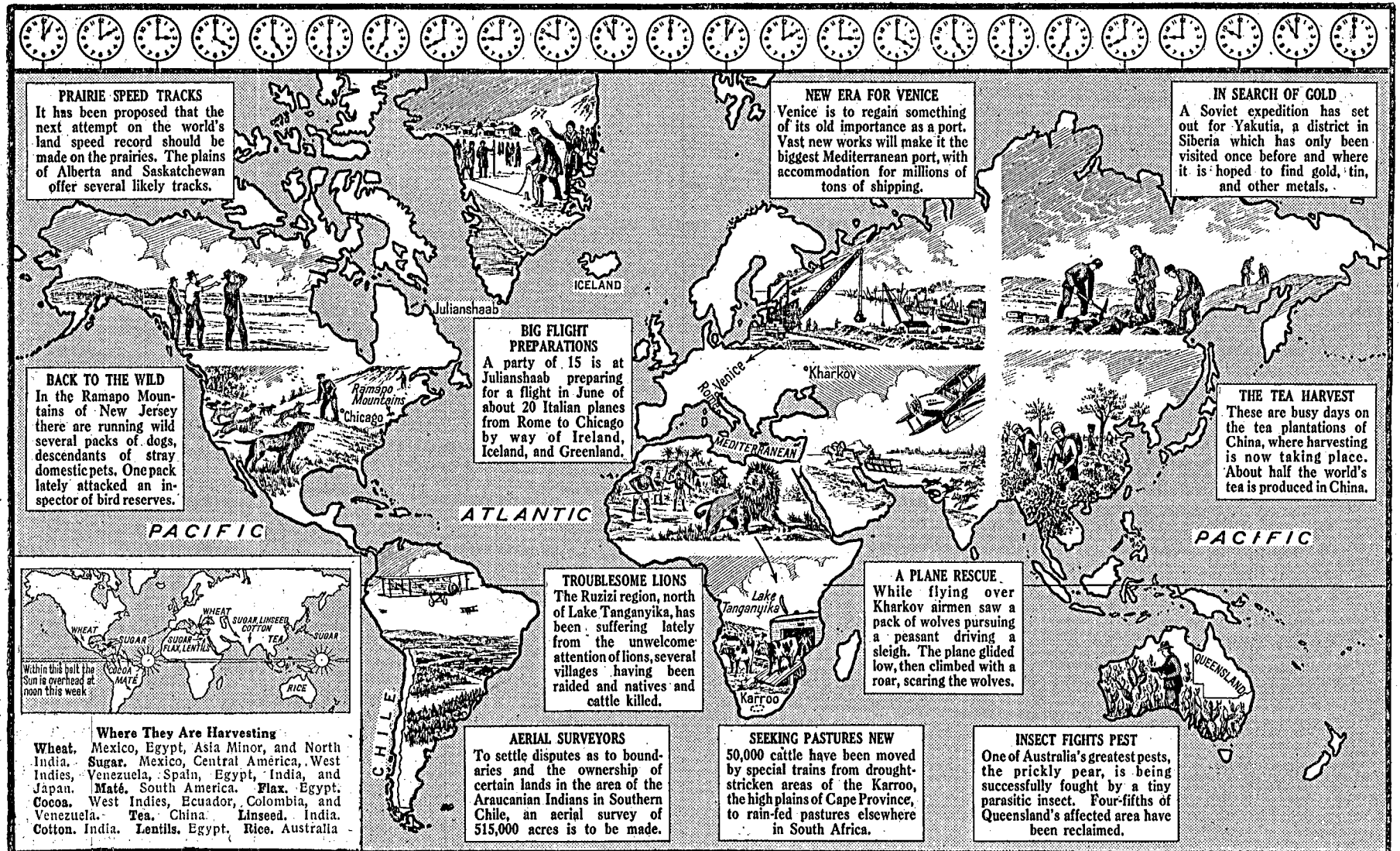
7. **Italy.** Mussolini points out that the great Italian population is almost entirely without colonial outlet, and that his country needs access to markets and materials. There is also the question of the Adriatic, where an armed Yugo-Slavia threatens Italy.

Merely to rehearse these few serious points is to show how grave is the issue of Treaty revision which has been boldly raised by Signor Mussolini. The question must be faced sooner or later, and the sooner the better.

THE OLDEST CAT

Sarah, one of the world's oldest cats, has died aged 23 in the Dumb Friends League Home at Bournemouth. A woman paid three shillings a week for her keep for twenty years. The cat acted as foster-mother to hundreds of kittens.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE CAT IN THE NEST Why Willie Left Home For a High Old Tree Stump

The cuckoo is known to come along in springtime and rob other birds of their nests. But it is something new for a cat to take possession of a bird's nest.

Willie, a black cat belonging to a C.N. correspondent, has done this very thing, however, for the great fuss made of a tabby kitten made him so jealous that he decided to leave home and start housekeeping for himself. He came back every few days, very dirty and unkempt, his white shirt-front almost black, but after a good meal and a warm by the kitchen boiler he would disappear again, perhaps for a week or more at a time.

Nobody could find out where he went until one day Willie's cries were heard in the garden, and after a long search he was seen to be at the top of a very high old tree stump, as high as the house, among the ivy, in the hollow top of which birds had nested for years. When called, he climbed backward down the tree, had his meal and a good warm by the boiler, and then climbed up again to his nest-home.

And there he remains, a frequent visitor to the house, but preferring his own tree-top nest to sharing a home with his tabby rival.

TO PRISON FOR A BATH

Unemployment has put many good men into police cells, and in Salford they will soon be flocking there again—but to have a bath, not to be charged.

For the Broughton Social Centre, which looks after North Salford's unemployed, has taken over an old police station and a fire station. The unemployed are at the moment converting the cells into bathrooms and the charge-room into a joiner's shop.

Work is what the unemployed need; but until politicians come to their senses it is good to know that other people are seeing that these social centres are springing up all over the country.

A POSTER GALLERY Good Work For the Railways

"The man who gives up advertising gives up hope," said Sir Ralph Wedgwood at the opening of the eleventh exhibition of L.N.E.R. posters.

It was an excellent exhibition, and there were many signs of originality to show that this form of art is going steadily forward. Many posters were of the striking, realistic type, with simplicity of design and absence of detail; but as there is nowadays a tendency for many of these to be too much alike new ideas are appearing, and the poster art is beginning to develop in other directions.

Some artists are using symbols which may be readily understood. There were a few of a more abstract type, but the ridiculous Futurist was conspicuous by his absence.

By means of suggestion one design conveyed a sense of the power and speed of a night Pullman to Scotland. The long streak of orange light above the black outline of coaches and the huge and swift engine, indicated by simple curves and strong masses, suggested that an express train was thundering past with a roar and a shriek and vanishing into the night.

This year the L.N.E.R. held a competition for poster designs by students of the Royal College of Art, and the work sent in was of a high standard. In Locomotive Pit, one of the prize-winning designs, a twentieth-century man is seen repairing his huge creation, the locomotive. Above him the engine looms with a suggestion of superhuman force and power, yet we are made to realise how dependent this monster is on man and how impotent it would be without his brain.

Some of the wisest words during the speech-making were said by Sir William Rothenstein, who made an appeal that the talent of our artists should be put to further use, and that our dismal railway waiting-rooms should be decorated.

THE MOTOR-GRAM BOYS A Speed-Up at the G.P.O.

The craze for speed has spread to the Post Office. No longer shall we be able to complain of delay with telegrams, for Sir Kingsley Wood, the Postmaster-General, is inaugurating a speed-up.

With a view to accelerating the telegraphic service, five telegraph boys have been supplied with motor-bicycles for telegram delivery in the Wimbledon district of London. These young fellows are equipped with khaki-coloured jackets, trousers which button like gaiters below the knee, and yellow gauntlets—the peaked caps with red lines being all that remains of their original uniforms.

Though five is the present total of the G.P.O.'s new telegraphic force, eight more youngsters are in training; and it is hoped that ultimately there will be 40 of them working within a 30-mile radius of London. Leeds has a similar force, and though at the moment the speed limit for these boys in London is 15 miles an hour it is to be expected that this will be raised as the new service proves itself. *Picture on page 9*

SAVED FROM A WOLF

A message from Belgrade tells how two brave little girls saved themselves from a wolf.

The girls, aged 11 and 12, were sent out with some cattle which grazed on the hillside not far from a Bosnian village.

When it was time to drive the beasts home, and daylight was beginning to fail, a pack of wolves appeared.

The cattle bolted, pursued by all the wolves except one. This one sprang on the smaller child, flinging her to the ground. Quick as lightning, the other child thrust a stake into the mouth of the animal, and, ramming the stake hard into its gullet, pushed the wolf away from her fallen companion.

She jumped up and, with an axe, killed the wolf.

SALLY BACK IN HER ALLEY

Helping Rochdale Unemployed

"Ah coom fra' Rochdale," announces Gracie Fields at every opportunity. Even Our Alley became a back street in Rochdale when she played the part of Sally in a film.

And now the Mayor's Fund for the Unemployed of Rochdale is £1498 up, just because this famous actress, who has won success on the wireless, the stage, and the films, never forgets or allows other people to forget that she started life as Grace Stansfield, a mill-hand.

For a week recently she went back to her people. Everyone flocked to hear her at the local theatre, and she made them laugh and cry till she had wheeled this money out of their pockets for the benefit of the unemployed.

We wonder if among these enthusiastic audiences was the foreman who, when Gracie used to lift up that irrepressible voice of hers above the machinery, used to reprove her gloomily with: "Ay, Stansfield, but tha's got a terrible voice."

WHAT A NEGRO HAS DONE

To have a work performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra is one of the American composer's greatest ambitions. Now we hear that the orchestra is rehearsing the first symphony of Mr Levi Dawson, a Negro of 31.

As a boy he worked in the humblest ways, blacking shoes and then delivering parcels for a grocer. He longed for education and saved every halfpenny. At last he was able to enter the Horner Institute of Fine Arts in Kansas; and there he graduated with honours.

Because he was a Negro, however, he was not allowed to sit on the platform when the diplomas were presented, and his diploma was given by proxy.

Now he plays in the Chicago Civic Orchestra, and is leader of the Tuskegee Choir, whose concerts have enchanted musical New York.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 8

1933

Satan's General Staff

We give this column this week to these words from Mr Arthur Henderson's speech to the fighting men of the last war who have been pleading with the Disarmament Conference to prevent the next war.

If you believe some of the dangerous talk of the last few weeks you can easily conclude that Europe is dividing itself into two great camps. I have even heard talk of preventive war, of one camp trying to strike hard before the other is prepared.

I protest with all the power I can command against this dangerous talk. Surely no responsible person could be so mad as to contemplate preventive war, as it is the most stupid of all follies to imagine that injustice can be permanently wiped out by blood spilled by the committal of an international crime.

War does not bring justice; it creates new injustices, new hatred, new divisions of the kind the last war left behind it.

This mischievous talk does not reflect the opinion of the people of any country. Those who circulate it are few and rich; they are what I describe as the General Staff of the forces of hell, but they are a staff without an army.

This war-talk is born, no doubt, to some extent of the conditions which are the outcome of the terrible economic crisis through which the world is passing. Everywhere we are confronted with the strangest paradox in history. In every land there is poverty, misery, and unemployment, side by side with the means of producing wealth greater than man has ever known.

If only we could control the forces at our disposal, if only our civilisation could do its job effectively, there should be available for every family a fuller life, more knowledge, more leisure, and greater happiness than ever before.

By war we would drive lower and lower the standard of living which our civilisation can afford. In every country Governments are confronted with financial difficulties, failing to balance their budgets, making economies of every kind. In some places they are still increasing expenditure on preparations for the next war and cutting down pensions given to those who were crippled and mutilated or left widows and orphans by the last war; and all the nations are turning their backs on that prosperity which might be theirs.

They can never get that prosperity, or end this economic crisis, except by international cooperation.

If one thing is certain it is that peace is the primary condition of happiness and prosperity, but peace must be founded on respect for treaties and equality of rights for every State. International institutions must steadily be built up. Rules must not only be made; they must be kept.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Peace, Peace

MOST of us, no doubt, have made up our minds that there are far too many laws that do not matter and too little keeping of them.

We have just been reminded that about 800 Acts of Parliament have been passed since the war; in America the case is even worse.

It seems very pathetic, and we can only wish once more that our politicians would leave the people alone and let them have peace.

The Missing Cruise

WE have been looking through the magnificent list of cruises with which the P. and O. Shipping Company are delighting thousands of people. Could there be any finer way of using their ships than by organising these shipping holidays?

But we see one thing in this list with much surprise and a sense of shame that such a thing is possible. The cruises are numbered up to 28, but there are only 27, and those who are curious to know the reason will find that there is no Number Thirteen.

We should have thought it incredible that a great company like the P. and O. could surrender itself to such absurdity. If the P. and O. thinks Number Seven cruise lucky and Number Thirteen unlucky, what is to happen to that half of its cruises which last just thirteen days? What is to happen to all those cruises that start on the thirteenth of the month? And what is to happen to those that cost just thirteen pounds?

It happens to be true that there are more thirteens in this list than any other number, an unlucky thing for the P. and O. but not in the least unlucky, we are sure, for any of its ships or any of its passengers.

The Chestnut Tree

What do we see in a chestnut tree in spring? This is what one C.N. reader sees.

A DAY or two ago the buds were black, though shining, on the chestnut tree. Now they are tipped with green; their tiny velvet leaves have found Light.

The chestnut has lit her lovely candles, and each day they will grow brighter until the whole tree is afire. We shall have no power to keep her thus, or long ago we should have said, "Stay beautiful like this, dear tree; be beautiful for ever"; and long ago the Earth would have stood still in the full tide of blossom, a perpetual, useless loveliness.

Instead, the tide must ebb to rise again eternally, and we shall see new beauty every hour, "new and ever new delight."

He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.

Jesus

Mr Thomas is Misinformed

WE see that Mr J. H. Thomas, Minister for the Dominions, said the other day that if there were lined up every man, woman, and child in the world, every fourth would be a Chinese, every fifth an Indian, and every seventh a Russian.

All these figures are incorrect. In actual fact the Chinese form about one in five, the Indians about one in six, and the Russians about one in twelve, of the world's population.

Tip-Cat

A TRAM ran into a dairy at Herne Hill. Looking for the Milky Way.

A £50,000 contract was made over a long-distance telephone. Did anyone pull the wires?

ARE there any optimists left? Are there any optimists right?

THE mania for speed among motorists is passing, someone declares. Not so fast as the motorists.

Peter Puck
Wants To Know



If bad trade is hard
lines on railways

WILL air travel bring peace? Yes, says Peter Puck, unless people fall out.

BACHELORS have formed a club in Buckinghamshire. Its

members have a single interest.

YOU hear Jazz music played as it should be in America. But we think it shouldn't.

THE other day an M.P. sat on his hat. It cost him half-a-crown.

THE Navy wants £3,000,000 more. Who doesn't?

A DIVER's job is a fascinating one, we are told. Some men think it beneath them.

DOCTORS are trying to discover the cause of measles. Whatever it is it will be spotted.

PLAIDS are becoming fashionable. But modern youth won't stand checks.

SOME people are called pet-names for short. But not for long.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

BUSINESS men can now hold conferences by telephone.

HANNAH BOND, a nurse at Birstall, was 75 years with one family.

THE BRITISH ROSE GROWERS have given 4000 rose trees for Regent's Park.

JUST AN IDEA

Half the troubles of the world would disappear if newspapers educated the public.

Introducing Mr Eddy

THIS is to introduce Mr Francis Henry Eddy to the Royal Agricultural Society, for, unless they already know each other, they should certainly meet.

Only the other week we were telling of the medals presented by the Society to farm labourers, one of whom had worked 61 years on the same farm; but Mr Eddy's record is 63 years on one farm, and he is still working there.

The farm is Boswednan's near Tremethic Cross, a village not far from Penzance. There Mr Eddy celebrated his golden wedding last year, though now he has lost his companion of half a century. He has already been presented to the Prince of Wales. May we now introduce him to the Royal Agricultural Society?

At the same time we would like to mention another of our readers from whom we have just heard. He is George Thomson, one of our young readers of 80, who writes to us from New Zealand. Having spent most of the last 60 years farming, it is not surprising that he writes to agree with an article in the C.N. Monthly advocating a piece of land for everybody which would be "somewhere to work when all else fails."

Two Deare People

THERE is a tomb in Westminster Abbey whose simple inscription runs thus: *Jane Lister, dear child, 1688*; and in the church of Clapham, a place we associate with smoky, shunting trains, with but little romance in the sound of its name, there is another inscription on a stone to Jane Lister's mother, who is buried there: *Hannah Lister, deare wife; died 1695, left six children in tears for a most indulgent mother.*

Short and very sweet, and a good example of how the meaning of our words change. An indulgent parent today would not be considered a particularly good one. Perhaps when little Jane lived the word meant understanding. At least we know that Hannah and Jane were deare people.

The Daffodils Break Through

The April dusk will come to us again, And April sun through raindrops on the trees:

Across the fields we'll see the shooting grain,
And watch the grasses patterned by the breeze.

As certainly as almond blossom now Enchants the branches with her lovely form,

So shall we see the children of each bough
Appear as lightnings of Spring's thunderstorm.

So must we see, for suddenly today,
Between the spear-shaft leaves of daffodils,

I saw the shining gold, the sheathed array

Of Queens, who come to wake and fire these hills.

M. A.

April 8, 1933

The Children's Newspaper

7

THE HOUR BRINGS
THE MANFRANKLIN ROOSEVELT'S
KNIGHTLY DEEDSAmerica's Dark Cloud Being
Swept AwayHOPE RETURNS TO THE
WESTERN WORLD

No American President ever condensed more words of hope, courage, and wisdom into his inaugural speech, the shortest on record, than Mr Roosevelt, and no President has done so much to restore the tottering condition of his country in the first weeks of power.

President Roosevelt has firmly and boldly transformed his words into action. He has been a March wind sweeping over a countryside deadened and depressed by the storms and darkness of winter, preparing the sodden fields for the quickening of new life under the radiant sunshine of days to come.

The new President has done wonders, and his firm measures have won the praises of all.

Stabilising the Banks

His first action was to declare a financial moratorium throughout the United States. He summoned Congress to meet on the Thursday of his first week in office in order that all necessary measures could be taken to deal with the crisis. He asked for control over all banks so that he could adequately protect both creditors and depositors, and he asked for powers to lend money to banks that were financially sound.

In a few hours the House of Representatives and the Senate made the President financial Dictator, and he at once extended the moratorium for a few days longer, at the same time allowing some of the soundest of the banks to open. In the meantime those who had withdrawn their gold and added to the crisis by their cowardly action were tumbling over one another in returning it to the banks lest their names should appear on an official black list.

Revising the War Pensions

Mr Roosevelt's second message to Congress was as dramatic as his first. It dealt with the Budget deficits of the past three years and their serious effect on the credit of the country. He pointed out that the expenditure authorised by the preceding Government and the estimated revenue would lead to a deficit of a thousand million dollars, which, added to previous deficits, would make an accumulated deficit of five times that amount. Immediate measures must be taken, he said; and the two first steps were the reduction of official salaries to accord with the cost of living, saving £20,000,000, and the revision of war pensions, saving nearly £80,000,000.

Helping Europe Toward Peace

Another drastic proposal was to modify the Volstead Act, which limited the alcoholic content of beverages to one per cent. By increasing this, within the limit of the Constitution, the President anticipates a large sum for the revenue. As the proportion will not exceed that in our cider, or half that in our beers, there is little fear of this step. There is no temperance reformer in this country who would not welcome it here. The President has also presented a programme of public works.

More banks in the meantime were opening, and additional currency was distributed. The President broadcast a message of encouragement to all America, he sent a representative to support the movement toward Peace in Europe; and he asked Congress to empower him to place an embargo on the export of armaments.

There is no doubt that the new President's vital personality has knit together the divergent interests of the States in such a way that we may call them really United.

TWO SHEEP IN A FLOCK
And a Dog in a Thousand

At the beginning of March a shepherd came down from the hills and bought twenty sheep from Edinburgh market.

There was a great jumble of flocks on the way home, and when night came the shepherd found that two of his sheep were missing. He said nothing about it, however, for he felt that it was a sad reflection on him as a shepherd, and above all on his dog.

But in a few days he heard that a neighbouring farmer had two sheep not belonging to him, so he set out with his dog to investigate.

The farmer made no trouble, but demanded that the shepherd should give proof of the identity of the two sheep. If they had been from the shepherd's old flock, this would have been easy,

but they had been lost almost as soon as they were bought, and bore no mark.

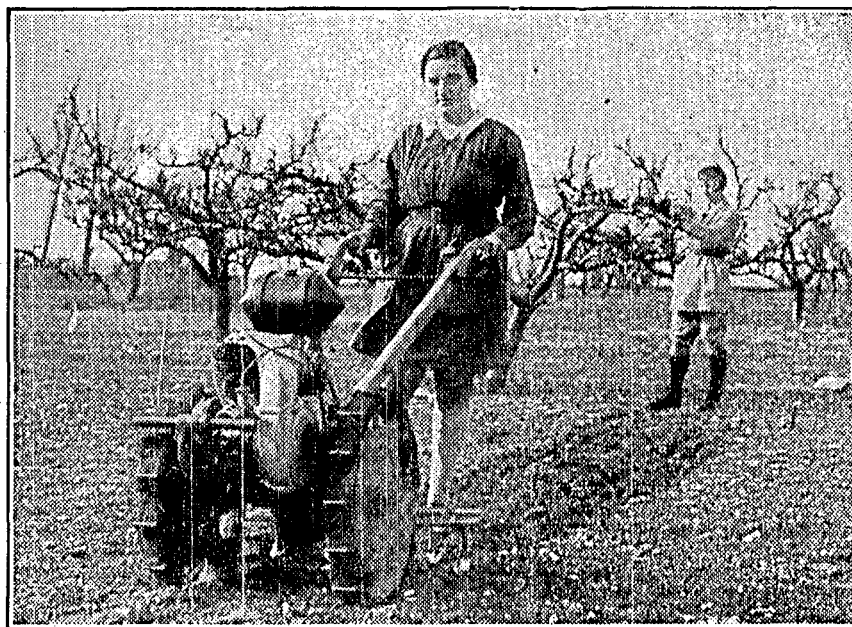
"Nevertheless," said the shepherd, "I am sure my dog can pick them out if you will give him a chance."

"Certainly," said the farmer, only stipulating that the trial should take place before witnesses.

The farmer's flock was got together, and in a very short time the shepherd's dog picked out and drove apart two sheep. The farmer looked at them and agreed that they were the two which did not belong to him.

One of the lookers-on offered the shepherd £40 for his dog, but he replied: "I am not selling him; for, if God wills, I shall often be going to the market at Edinburgh."

BUSY DAYS ON THE LAND



Students at work at Swanley Horticultural College



Preparing the pots for hundreds of autumn-flowering plants

PARTED AFTER 60 YEARS

We much regret to say that Mrs Lansbury has passed on into the Universe. She was 73, and this is the tribute paid to her by Mr Lansbury, who, of course, leads the Opposition in the House of Commons.

Mr and Mrs Lansbury were boy and girl together and have brought up 12 children, often managing and feeding them on 30s a week.

My wife was always my sweetheart, my friend, and comrade in all my doings (says Mr Lansbury). We had enjoyed a real union of hearts and lives for over 60 years.

She has passed into another life and I am left not alone, for she will always

be with me in thought and spirit; but in my home I shall miss her welcome, her loyalty and love.

Our children, grandchildren, and children-in-law have lost a fine courageous friend.

We shall take her to her resting-place on Monday, and we shall rejoice because of her life and worth, and only mourn because her natural presence is not with us.

But the note will be triumphant because we know she has done her day's work, and in the place where she now is she is at peace and rest in God

GERMANY UNDER
ONE MANHERR HITLER ABSOLUTE
DICTATORDramatic Last Act in the
Great RevolutionTHE CHANCELLOR AND
A TRANQUIL WORLD

The curtain has fallen on the last act of the dramatic German Revolution; by a majority of 441 to 94 Herr Hitler and the Nazis have been established in power for four years, independent of Parliament.

For four years from now they may dispense with the Reichstag and may make laws even regardless of the Constitution. They may impose the Budget, make new laws, negotiate treaties, and (though Herr Hitler denied it) dispense with the signature of the President.

Beginning of a New Life

Germany is indeed acting in every sense as if she were no more an inferior nation, but the equal of all, and, in the words of Herr Hitler, it is a new life that is beginning.

At the first meeting of the new Reichstag a resolution was solemnly passed in the presence of President Hindenburg and the Crown Prince of the Hohenzollerns disclaiming moral guilt for the war and declaring that that admission was made at Versailles only under pressure. From now onward Herr Hitler intends to ask nobody how he shall rule Germany. He disclaims any enmity against Jews as such, and declares himself opposed only to the enemies of the State.

He lays down three things as necessary for the settlement of the world crisis:

A political period of unchallengeable authority in Germany;

The Victory of Reason

A long period of settled peace by the Great Powers to restore the confidence of the peoples;

The victory of reason in international economics and general relief from impossible debts.

He attaches great importance to Signor Mussolini's plan for a tranquil and consistent development of the situation in Europe, and is ready in all sincerity to unite England, France, Italy, and Germany for peaceful cooperation.

They were grateful, he said, for the hearty understanding with which the national revolution had been greeted in Italy. They saw in Christianity the unshakable foundation of the nation's morality and attached great importance to friendly relations with the Vatican. As to "their brother-nation in Austria," they shared its cares and anxieties. The Government "would in all its deeds be conscious of the common destiny of all the Germanic groups."

Tranquil Development

It was contradicting the spirit of the new national life, said Herr Hitler, for the Government to have to bargain and beg for the approval of the Reichstag for every one of its actions, and for this there must be a new Bill giving the Government power to dispense with the Reichstag. He did not, however, intend to abandon it.

There had hardly ever, he said, been a revolution so great which had passed off with such discipline and so little bloodshed, and it was his firm intention that this tranquil development should continue. He would only use his powers as necessary. He did not mean to destroy parliament, the rights of the President were untouched, the rights of the Churches were not diminished. This new Bill, however, must be passed, and the Government would regard its rejection as a declaration of resistance.

"Now, gentlemen," said the Chancellor in finishing his speech, "you may yourselves decide for peace or war."

WHERE FEAR IS UNKNOWN

The Birds in an Island Sanctuary

Several little islands inhabited only by native birds and a caretaker and his family are to be found along the coast of New Zealand.

They are the bird sanctuaries set aside by the New Zealand Government many years ago so that the native birds, which are in danger of becoming extinct on the mainland, might live and increase in peace.

Alas for the beautiful and quaint native birds of New Zealand! The hewing down of forests and the draining of swamps to make way for pastures have destroyed the homes, where their ancestors lived for thousands of years. With the passing of the forests the native birds passed away also.

But on the island sanctuaries the birds can live in natural surroundings, and the only human beings are the Government caretakers.

Good news comes to us about the birds of Kapiti Island, a sanctuary about 30 miles from Wellington. This is an ideal place for the native birds, being hilly and wooded. It is about five miles long and two miles wide and several miles from the mainland.

The caretaker is Mr. A. S. Wilkinson, an ideal man for his job. He has a keen love for and an intimate knowledge of the native birds and their habits, and he also knows a great deal about the native trees and plants. He has planted native shrubs on some of the open spaces, so as to make more homes for the birds.

TO SCHOOL ON A CAMEL

400 Miles Across the Desert

Schools must have improved vastly since Shakespeare wrote of small boys *creeping like snail unwillingly to school*.

We have just heard of a boy who rode 400 miles through dangerous country on a camel in his eagerness to get to one.

He is a European boy, whose home in the Kalahari Desert, near the South-West African border, was 400 miles from the nearest school at Olifantshoek.

A motor-car could never have reached there across the drifting sand dunes. Water-holes were too few and far apart to allow him to go on horseback. But camels are plentiful in that neighbourhood, and so on a camel he went.

He found his way safely to Olifantshoek, after a journey which many a man of Africa would have hesitated to undertake alone, for there are few white men in this back-of-beyond district, and many lions and leopards.

A MAN AND HIS MOUSE

In the North Riding of Yorkshire there is a small village named Kilburn which, although it does not contain more than 300 people, is becoming noteworthy throughout the country because of a unique industry carried on there. It is the making of oak furniture and ecclesiastical furnishings.

Mr. Robert Thompson, whose workshops are in this village, is known in churches, colleges, and mansions not only in England, but in many Continental cities. His work is all in English oak, and every article leaving his hands, whether it is a small stool or a massive screen, can be truly described as a beautiful piece of art. The handicraft of the Middle Ages is this craftsman's chief inspiration. His carved oak tables, chairs, and church furnishings, though original in conception, have the same strength, solidity, and skill as the work of medieval craftsmen.

Like many of those old workmen, he has designed a simple symbol which is seen on every piece of work from his shop, a mouse. Many who are qualified to judge state that this sign will perpetuate his name for centuries.

MILLIONS FOR NOTHING

Cost of Unemployment

Few people realise how enormous is the present cost of maintaining the unemployed.

If we take February we find that the payments were roundly £2,300,000 a week. Of this sum employers' contributions furnished only £374,000, and a similar sum was furnished by the workers, making a total of £748,000. This means that every week the Government has to furnish over £1,550,000.

If we put all this in yearly expenditure it means that nearly £120,000,000 a year is being paid out, not to produce anything or to get any useful work done, but merely to provide meagre pittance for the unemployed.

We cannot wonder that Members of Parliament of all parties are pressing increasingly for the substitution of payment for work in the place of payment for idleness, the C.N. policy all along.

FREE RABBITS

Everybody wants to help the unemployed to help themselves. One of the latest offers of help comes from the National Rabbit Council.

Its members will give rabbits to unemployed people who want to breed them for meat or wool. Moreover, members will give advice to the new rabbit-keeper, each in his own district.

The time of year is coming when rabbits can be kept almost for nothing. Fresh grass, certain hedgerow weeds, the outer leaves of vegetables, and household scraps, with a very little hay, will keep bunny well fed. When the winter comes it is a more expensive undertaking; but then, if he cannot afford to keep them, the rabbit-keeper can kill off his stock, feeding his family on the meat and selling the skins.

It is a sensible offer from the Rabbit Council to the National Council for Social Service, and no doubt many people will take advantage of it.

HOLDING UP THE LEANING TOWER

Giving It a New Foundation

The Leaning Tower of Pisa must lean no farther. This ancient tower, nearly 180 feet high, is more than 16 feet out of the straight.

The tower is built on clay, and a survey has shown that pockets of water have formed round its base as it has sunk, and that the water is weakening the subsoil. So the tower is being provided with a firm foundation that will prevent more sinking.

The present foundation consists of a great ring wall. This is being strengthened with cement, the tower meanwhile being supported on its shorter side by great posts. When this is finished the ground for some depth beneath the foundation and round about the tower is to be drained, and wherever necessary cement will be injected at high pressure.

By next winter it is hoped that the man-made rock on which the Leaning Tower will then stand will be firm enough to give it many more centuries of life.

THE OLD, OLD STORY

"Kingdoms of the Carpenter." By Muriel Clark. (Constable, 2s 6d.)

This book is neither large nor pretentious, but it contains many grains of pure gold. Miss Clark seems to have studied the Bible so much that she writes in a rhythmic prose which is delightfully natural. The pictures of imaginary but likely incidents in the life of Jesus are so vividly painted that for the grown-up people and older children who read these stories the New Testament will have a fresh interest.

Particularly good are the portraits of Matthew and Andrew, and the spirit of the teaching of Jesus as expressed in His life shines through the pages.

ACROSS THE WORLD BY AIR

Bookings To Australia

By next autumn it will probably be possible to book through to Australia by plane.

At present the eastern terminus of Imperial Airways is at Karachi in India, but arrangements have been made for the service to be extended to Singapore, the new section to be operated by great four-engined monoplanes of the Atalanta type. At Singapore the service will be taken over by an Australian company, and it is hoped to maintain a weekly service. The journey from England to Australia will occupy a fortnight against five or six weeks by boat.

The airway between London and Cape Town is already in successful operation, and the next great Empire service to be developed will be the route to Canada. Sir Eric Geddes, chief of Imperial Airways, has stated that an experimental transatlantic service will be established in two years. That will complete the great main Empire air routes, and then it should not be long before branch airways will form a network throughout the British Empire, bringing the most distant outposts within a week or two of London.

MRS B's DOORMAT

Latest News From Poland

A few years ago a doormat was stolen from the flat of Mrs B in Warsaw. The lady did not think much of it, but decided to have no mat outside her door.

Great was her surprise when she found the other day a beautiful new mat there, and a letter in the box explaining what had happened. "This is what the letter said:

Dear Madam, I have stolen your doormat three years ago because I liked the look of it and I thought you would not miss it. But now I see that I was wrong. I see quite clearly that I have done you damage and my deed was against law.

Please forgive me if you can and accept this new doormat as reconciliation. It took me a long time to save up my spare pennies until I could afford to buy it; but I shall feel at last quite happy again.

There was just a scribble instead of a signature. Of course Mrs B was very pleased, not so much with the doormat as with the proof that the human heart isn't so bad, after all.

WHO WAS JOHN HAMPDEN?

Born 1594. Died 1643.

A cousin of Oliver Cromwell and a member of a distinguished old Buckinghamshire family, John Hampden came into prominence in Parliament by his resistance of the loan which Charles the First attempted unconstitutionally to raise.

He was conspicuous in the impeachment of Buckingham and Strafford. It was his resistance to the Royal demand for ship-money, however, which made him a national figure. He undertook the expense of fighting the case and, though seven of the twelve judges decided against him, the patriot had the sympathy and approval of all right-thinking men in the country.

Hampden was one of the five members whom Charles the First sought to arrest in the House of Commons. That act brought on the Civil War. In this Hampden, who subscribed £2000 and took an active part in the campaign of the Parliamentarians, showed courage and considerable ability.

He died from the effects of a bullet wound sustained while attempting to counter a foray of Prince Rupert from Oxford. Hampden was a great patriot and a noble Christian gentleman.

The island of Lewis in the Outer Hebrides is now linked with Scotland by telephone.

A FIRST-CLASS MEMORY

In a Second-Class Hotel

Mercurio Cosma has what some might consider a fortunate and others an unfortunate eccentricity. Whatever he reads is retained in his memory.

An Italian newspaper reporter came across him the other day in a second-rate inn in Sardinia, where he was washing-up and talking to himself as he worked.

The journalist was amazed to hear between the clatter of the plates and dishes a long quotation from Dante's Purgatory.

"Oh," said Cosma, in reply to his question as to where he had learned this, "I know the whole Divine Comedy by heart, and the Bible too," he added, as if it were the most simple and natural thing in the world.

Doubting this, the journalist next day obtained a copy of the Divine Comedy and read aloud a few lines; whereupon Cosma continued the quotation and finished the whole section.

The next evening this was repeated with the Bible, Cosma reciting a lengthy portion of Exodus.

A journalist could hardly be expected to keep a thing like this to himself, and since then Cosma has received numerous offers to show his powers in public. He has, however, declined them all, adding as an argument that often he does not understand what he is reciting, and to become a showman's property has no attraction for him.

And so he goes on with his washing-up.

BRIGHTER AFRICA

Making Children Happy at Port Elizabeth

It is always good to hear of the C.N. and its companion papers giving joy to Indian and native boys and girls in South Africa.

About a year ago Mr Howard Hemming, headmaster of a pioneer secondary school for non-Europeans at Port Elizabeth, wrote to a friend in England about the need of his school for a gramophone, and "some children's papers, Arthur Mee's for example."

In due course he received both the gramophone and the papers, and now he has written again to his friend. "The gramophone and books arrived safely and were displayed at our Wednesday special services, giving the 150 pupils great joy. The applause was spontaneous, for not a single home yet possessed a gramophone, though a few had pianos! Our scholars will now hear and learn to appreciate good instrumental music, for to the present time the school has not a piano, although the children love music and will crowd round a music store in the town when one of the electric gramophones is playing for advertisement purposes.

Every class in school which makes 100 per cent attendance during the week is given what is called a free 15 minutes when the scholars may do as they please: play games, read library books, sing community songs, pick specimen flowers on the open veld, draw on the blackboards, and so on.

HOT-WATER PIPES

Some remarkable experiments have been carried out in Sweden in heating soil to assist the propagation of plants.

It is well known that heating soil by the fermenting of manure assists growth, but the experiments with hot-water systems are new. Apparently steam is conveyed to the soil in pipes of clay, or copper, or iron, and it is said that the plants in the heated beds show stronger growth and ripen earlier.

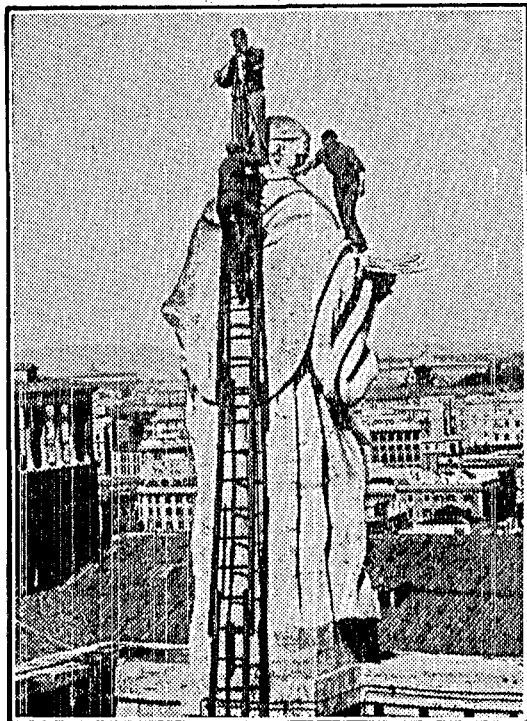
The heating has been tried in greenhouses and in the open, and in the open field it is shown that the crops of tomatoes are about a third greater when steam or hot-water heating is used.

April 8, 1933

The Children's Newspaper

9

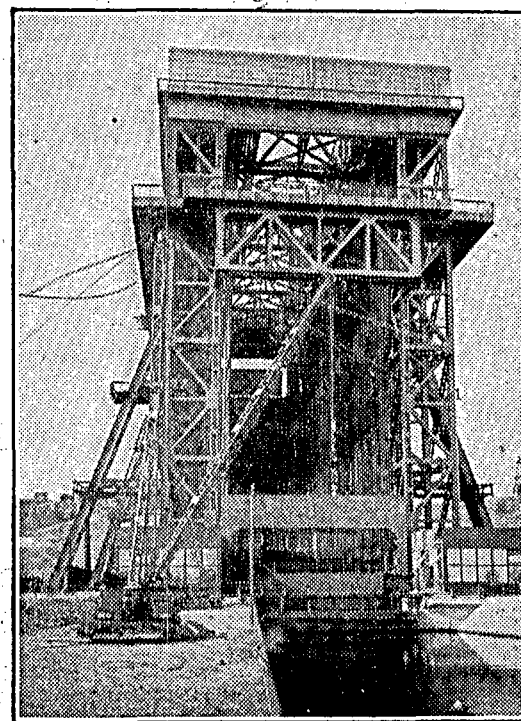
LIFT FOR BOATS • MOTOR-GRAM BOYS • A LONDON SANDPIT



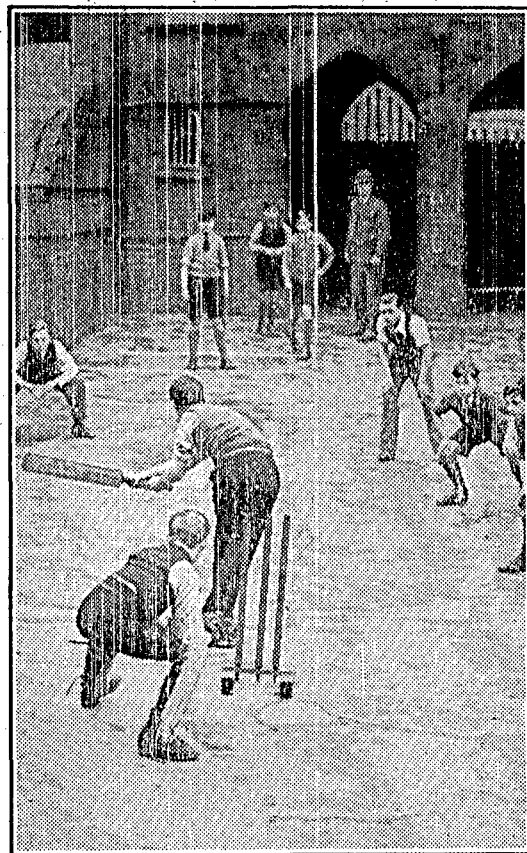
Cleaning a Giant Statue—Here we see steeplejacks cleaning a statue on the famous church of St John Lateran in Rome in readiness for the Holy Year.



On the Way to Market—This picture shows how ducks go to market in Calcutta, in a basket balanced on a man's head.



A Lift For Boats—Where the Hohenzollern Canal joins the River Oder, north of Berlin, this new elevator for raising boats replaces the old lock.



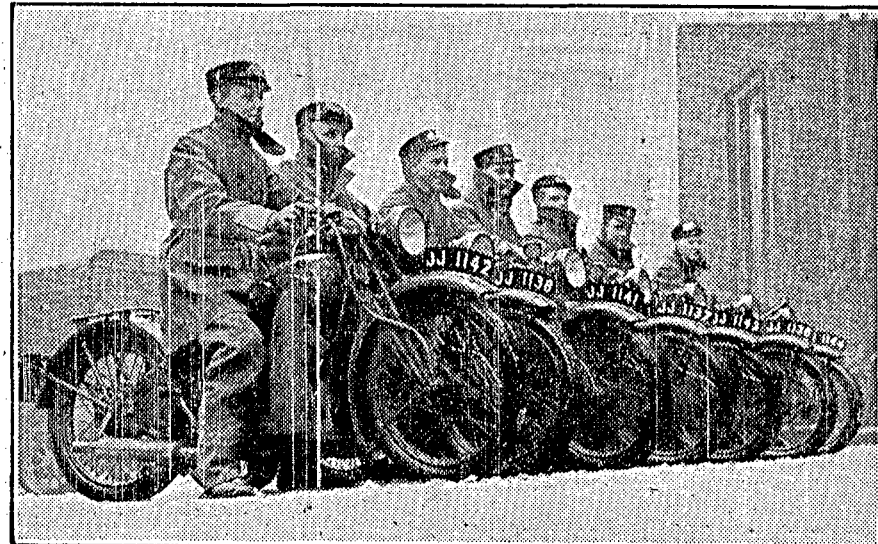
Cricket in London—The weather does not affect the wicket at this school at Mornington Crescent, where the boys play their cricket in the yard.



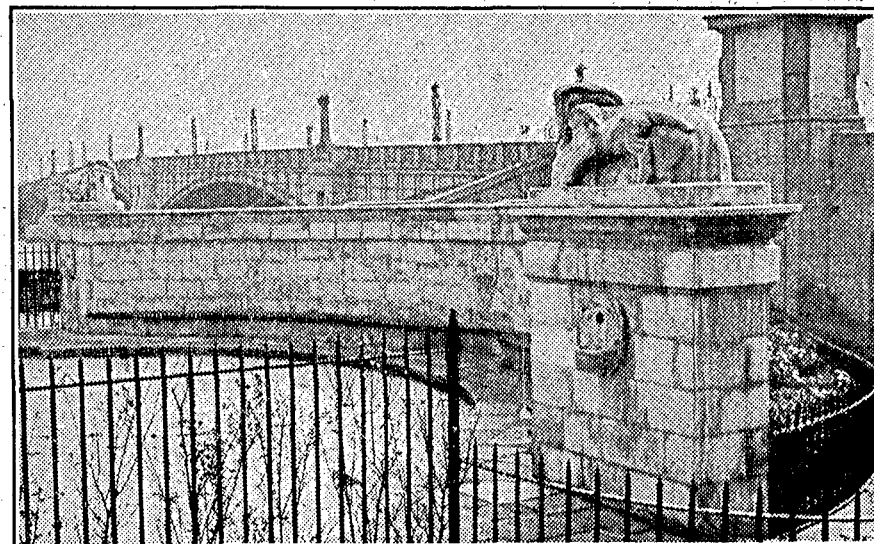
Health Exercises—The British Association For Physical Training held its competitions at the City Guildhall the other day. Here, seen through an archway, is one of the displays by girls.



In the Park—These little people in Battersea Park were anxious for the deer to come a little closer, but the animal appears to be uninterested in his admirers.



The Motor-Gram Boys—The Post Office is expediting the delivery of telegrams by introducing messengers with motor-cycles. Here are the riders at Leeds. See page 5.



At a Gateway to London—Here we give a glimpse of the sandpit beside the new Lambeth Bridge. It will soon be open again for children, as told on page 10.

THE BEST GATEWAY INTO LONDON

LAMBETH BRIDGE AND THE PLAYGROUND

Happy Children Among the Towers and Palaces

THE NEXT ROUNDABOUT?

We have been delighted to see the coming back of the Children's Playground at the Westminster end of Lambeth Bridge.

The playground joins up with the public gardens running by the Thames to the Houses of Parliament and makes up one of the most delightful corners London children have to play in. During the reconstruction of the bridge the Children's Playground had been interfered with, but it is now almost itself again and the sculptures looking down on them are once more in their places.

The sculptures, a delightful addition to the outdoor art gallery of London, are part of a gift from Mr Henry Gage Spicer and his wife, who have made this corner of Westminster delightful with its sandpit and drinking fountain. The sculptures are not actually on the bridge, as we wrongly stated some time ago, but they adorn the playground at one of its approaches and are in every sense worthy of the dignity of the fine new bridge Lambeth has thrown across the Thames.

Wise Motorists

It seems to us more than time that the authorities for London traffic took more serious notice of the existence of Lambeth Bridge. It is not yet by any means sufficiently used, and there can be little doubt that the time will come when the traffic authorities will be compelled to do what the C.N. suggested some time ago—make the bridge a roundabout with Westminster Bridge for travellers coming into London.

Many wise motorists use it already in this way, especially those wise motorists who love to enter a noble city nobly; for in our opinion there is no denying that this new gate into London is the best of all the ways of entering it. It brings us to a point of the Thames at which we can look up and down and see no disgrace, for the dragon of Charing Cross Bridge disappears. In front the bridge takes us between the finest mass of offices now standing in the capital, with the impressive façades of the two blocks of Thames House and the home of Imperial Chemical Industries. We are in sight of two cathedrals and two palaces, for Lambeth Palace is on our right with the Palace of Westminster in front, and the towers of the Abbey and the tower of Westminster Cathedral are all within our view.

A Beautiful Vista

To all who wish to reach London from the South we commend this splendid Lambeth Bridge, turning right at Millbank, and coming almost immediately to one of London's most beautiful vistas, with the Abbey on the left, an incomparable view of the Houses of Parliament (very little realised) on the right, and Whitehall looming ahead. It would be no hardship to anyone for this way to be compulsory, and it would save the congestion of Westminster Bridge. It is a suggestion surely so wise that it might well have come out of the mouths of the babes who play in this children's garden at Westminster, looking up with wonder at these noble beasts that are now once more at home. *Picture on page 9*

A SCARLET BEAUTY

Among entries from France, Germany, and Holland for the Delphinium Exhibition, to be held this season in Cheshire, is a bright scarlet flower raised from seed by a Dutch grower.

California is sending a fine display of white and cream ones, which will arrive here in cold storage and be forced into bloom in time for the show.

TWO FAMOUS SCHOOLS LEAVE LONDON

A GAIN FOR SUFFOLK AND HERTS

Noise and Smoke Exchanged For Clear, Pure Air

A LINK WITH SPENSER

The boys of two of London's famous schools are about to settle down under the spring sunshine in open country.

They are the Merchant Taylors, which has left the Charterhouse for Sandy Lodge in Hertfordshire, and the Royal Hospital School, which has left Greenwich for Holbrook in Suffolk.

Merchant Taylors was founded in 1561, three years after Elizabeth had ascended our throne; and Spenser, one of the greatest of the Elizabethans, was one of the first pupils. His father was warden of the wealthy City Company which established it and has ever since guided its destinies.

Edmund Spenser is the most learned of our poets, and when he left school in 1569 for Pembroke College he had already sent his first verses to the printer. Archbishop Juxon, Clive, and many other famous men have been educated at this school.

The City's Growing Turmoil

For 300 years the school was situated in Suffolk Lane, but when the Charterhouse School was moved out of the City in 1873 it took over its wonderful Hall and built new classrooms beside it. There was little space for games, and the growing turmoil of the great City was no place in which to rear more Spensers, so the whole school has been established on a healthy site of 250 acres, with accommodation for boarders as well as day boys.

The boys from Greenwich number 1000, twice as many as the Merchant Taylors, and all are under 15. Most of the lads trained here go to sea, and so greatly did the work of our Navy during the war that Mr G. S. Reade that he gave his family estate between the estuaries of the Rivers Orwell and Stour, and left a handsome bequest so that the Naval School could be removed into Suffolk.

With their band at their head the boys marched out of the buildings which Inigo Jones and Christopher Wren have made immortal, and next term they will be gazing across smiling fields on a very different river than Father Thames; but, for all that, a river which has a great place in the story of our Navy.

DOOR OF A TREASURE CAVE

The treasure caves of Ali Baba are insignificant compared with some of the real treasure vaults of commerce.

A new strong room has just been completed in London which is said to be the strongest in Europe. Securities worth £260,000,000 will be kept inside the great chamber, which has a floor of reinforced concrete five feet thick, with walls and ceiling three feet thick. A steel door seven feet high and three feet thick bars the way to the treasure, and although this massive door weighs 30 tons it can be moved by one hand once the Open Sesame has been given. Then, if the door be fully opened, a drawbridge falls into position and the vault can be entered.

This treasure cave is in the basement of the newly-constructed wing of the Prudential Assurance Company's office.

SUMMER TIME

Summer Time begins on Sunday morning, so all clocks must be put forward one hour on Saturday night.

TWO DAYS IN THE LIFE OF JAMES CLARKE

Here are two days in the life of James Clarke, of Winsford in Cheshire.

The first day was in November 1918, at Happegarde, where he was with the 15th Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers. On being held up by heavy machine-gun fire he rushed forward through a thick strongly-held ridge, captured in succession four machine-guns, and, single-handed, bayoneted the crews. Two days later in the attack on the Oise-Sambre Canal, he rushed forward with a Lewis gun team in the face of an intense barrage, brought the gun into action, and effectively silenced the enemy's fire.

The second day was in London, in March 1933, when he was playing a barrel organ outside a cinema, wearing the V.C. he had been awarded for his courage on the first day.

He was brought before the Marlborough Street magistrate for obstruction, and he told the magistrate that he had a wife and three children at Rochdale and was trying to make an honest living. He owed £3 on the organ and had twopence-halfpenny in his pocket.

The magistrate discharged him and told him that he must not play in a crowded street.

Since then we rejoice to see that somebody has found Ex-Sergeant-Major James Clarke, V.C., something to do.

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND

Mr Walter de la Mare has given the world some of its most beautiful poetry and has collected together much more. Now he has put into a lovely little volume about 200 things that everybody reads some time on the way from the cradle to the grave.

It is a little book of many kinds of rhymes, jingles, games, small nursery songs, and actual poems, and it is meant to be a beginning of the understanding of one of the loveliest things in the world, poetry. We can never know what poetry will mean to us, for it comes into life in a hundred ways, often like something rich and rare on a dull day in a sad world.

Mr de la Mare's collection is of things that all can understand, with simple notes and very quaint pictures; it is called Tom Tiddler's Ground, and is published by Collins at 5s.

RUSSIA AS THE SECOND IRON COUNTRY

According to the Second Russian Five-Year Plan the output of pig-iron in 1937 is planned at 22 million tons.

If this figure is realised it will make Russia the second iron country in the world, second to the United States.

Russia is very anxious to increase her iron and steel output and to obtain a sufficient supply for the construction of the enormous amount of machinery she requires for her new industries.

A MILL IN A THOUSAND

There is a very unusual mill at Barnoldswick, on the Yorkshire and Lancashire boundary.

It manufactures coarse cloth used for lining coats. Nothing unusual about that, but the workpeople have not missed a day's employment for years, the mill is being enlarged, which means extra looms and more workers, and, lastly, this prosperous mill is still partly run by a waterwheel; three facts which certainly make the mill unusual.

NO LITTER LOUTS

The National Trust has received another beautiful estate in Kent, Mr Arthur Pitt of Crockham Hill having left to it a great part of the Crockham Grange Estate.

The public is to be allowed access to it, but is not to be allowed to litter the property or to picnic on it, and there is to be no shooting of birds.

WHEAT NONSENSE

THERE IS NOT TOO MUCH

Shall We Have To Rewrite the Psalms?

A REPROACH TO CIVILISATION

There are few more beautiful lines in the Psalms than

The valleys stand so thick with corn, they laugh and sing.

Yet we see published an article which examines what it calls the Wheat Glut, and discusses how the nations can reduce the wheat supply!

It is pointed out that if wheat is to pay for growing, farmers in exporting countries must recognise that wheat production has been overdone and that restriction of wheat crops would secure a greater money return.

So it seems that we must rewrite the line from the Psalms and make it read:

The valleys stand so thick with corn, they weep and moan.

Too Little Wheat, Not Too Much

We remember that a year or two ago Signor Mussolini refused to countenance the idea of reducing the world's wheat, and we entirely agree with him.

What are the facts? The number of people in the world is roundly 2100 millions. The production of wheat in the world is roundly 2600 million cwt.

If therefore we divide the world's population into the world's wheat we get a production equal to less than three pounds of wheat a week per head of the world's population.

It is clearly not true that too much wheat is produced. The world clearly needs more wheat than it now produces, a fact which is also attested by periodical starvation and under-feeding in great countries like China, India, and Russia.

A World Plan

Instead of producing less wheat and playing with it, the world ought to produce more wheat and plan what to do with it. It would be the simplest matter in the world to make a plan.

Each nation could furnish to a Central World Clearing House a wheat balance-sheet showing production and consumption. Thus each nation would show that it either produced more than it needed and had a surplus for export, or that it produced less than it needed, as we do, and needed to import.

Then the Central Clearing House could arrange the necessary exchanges in bulk and we should have no more talk of over-production.

And, of course, such a planned economy would make for peace and contentment all over the world.

That, undoubtedly, is how the world will come to deal with its affairs in the time to come. Why not bring that time nearer by raising the issue at the forthcoming World Conference?

SHOULD THE FLEET GO BACK TO COAL?

That doughty controversialist Captain Bernard Acworth maintains that the British Navy should go back to coal.

The point is certainly worth consideration. So long as we require fighting ships there is much to be said for the argument that they ought to be run either on coal or on fuel produced from coal. It was for that reason we gave prominence in the C.N. to the Admiralty contract for oil distilled from British coal.

For practical purposes Great Britain has no native mineral oil supply, but we have magnificent supplies of many kinds of coal, including the finest coal known for getting up steam quickly.

So long as the Navy runs on oil from overseas our fighting ships have cast upon them in time of war the duty of protecting the overseas oil supplies. Apart from that point, the fact that the Navy burns oil means the unemployment of a large number of British miners, adding greatly to the cost of the Navy.

A KING AND A STAR

COR CAROLI

How an Astronomer Honoured Charles the Second

THE GREAT BEAR

By the C.N. Astronomer

The famous seven stars of the Great Bear, Ursa Major, are almost overhead in the evening, together with an eighth called Cor Caroli, or Charles's Heart.

The seven stars popularly known as the Plough represent only the hind-quarters and tail of the Bear, a tail of a length that no bear ever possessed. Actually these stars constitute only about a quarter of the entire constellation of the Bear, which is represented as for ever trudging round the celestial north pole, followed by the Hunting Dogs, Canes Venatici.

The only prominent stars in this constellation are Cor Caroli and Beta in Canes Venatici. Our star-map shows the position of these relative to the Plough.



The position of Cor Caroli relative to the Plough

Cor Caroli will be readily seen. It is of historical interest because it represents the heart of King Charles the Second, having been so designated by Sir Charles Scarborough, who asserted that the star shone with peculiar brightness when he made his entry into this country on the restoration of the Stuart Dynasty. In view of the fact that Charles afterwards founded Greenwich Observatory, which has proved to be the most useful in the world, the honour may be regarded as deserved.

This was an unappropriated area of the sky, for the constellation of Canes Venatici did not come into existence until 1690. Hevelius invented it to complete the celestial scene of Boötes, the Herdsman chasing the Bear. It was not until 1725 that Cor Caroli was definitely figured by a heart; then the Astronomer-Royal, Halley, gave this star its status as Charles's Heart.

Cor Caroli, known also astronomically as Alpha Canum Venaticorum, is actually composed of two stars, forming a very beautiful object even in a small telescope of 2-inch aperture. The larger sun is of about 3.2 magnitude, yellowish in tint; while the other, of 5.7 magnitude, is of a lilac shade.

This is a frequent combination of colours observed in double-stars and has a physical cause, the smaller sun having, as evidenced by its colour, and therefore its spectrum, advanced farther in stellar evolution than the larger one. This is what might be expected if both suns developed from the same nebula at about the same time.

Proper and Apparent Motion

In this case the yellow sun must be a giant comparable with Arcturus in size, as it appears so bright from such a vast distance. It is about 13,780,000 times farther than our Sun, and more than five times that of Arcturus (which was described in the C.N. for March 25). The light from these suns of Cor Caroli takes 217 years to reach us, compared with but little more than eight minutes from our Sun.

Although no revolutions round one another have so far been perceived, both suns are travelling in the same direction, toward the north-west. They are also travelling at the same rate. This is called by astronomers their common proper motion, and it is distinct from their various apparent motions, which are due to the Earth's motion and the effects of her revolution and rotation.

The other star, Beta in Canes Venatici, of 4.3 magnitude, is only 31 light-years distant, and is a sun very similar in size and condition to our own Sun. G. F. M.

A BOOK TO CHEER HER UP

Country Girl Has a Visitor

"I can't think why you brought me this book," said the Country Girl querulously.

She was sitting up in bed with grapes to the right of her, flowers to the left of her, and medicine in front of her, having influenza.

"Which book?" asked the Breezy Visitor. "Oh, I remember—A Princess in Exile."

"I never read anything more depressing," said the Country Girl dolefully. "It begins with the writer flying from the Russian Revolution. She hears that her father and three uncles have been shot in prison. Then her aunt and stepbrother are cruelly murdered. She sells her jewellery for bread, and is swindled out of the money."

"She learns to do embroidery by machine, and builds up a little business which gradually becomes quite a big one; then in one season embroidery goes out of fashion, and the business comes to a stop. At the end she finds a job in America, knowing she will never again see the Russia that she loves with the desperate love of the homesick."

Something Inspiring

"Yes," said the Visitor quietly; "but don't you think there is something inspiring about the way this woman, who had married a king's son and been kept in cotton-wool by equestrian and maids-of-honour and flunkies, quietly set about earning a living? Isn't there something fine in the way she laughs at the forewoman in the Paris factory who kept dropping her work so that the newcomer would have to pick it up? Isn't there—"

"Yes, yes," hurriedly agreed the Country Girl; "I see what you mean. If the Grand Duchess Marie could master such troubles, surely we can master ours. What is influenza, for instance, beside such disasters?"

"And," persisted the Visitor, "don't you think we ought all to remember that Paris taximan's advice?"

"I remember," said the Country Girl. "He saw tears in her eyes, and said, *Come, come, little lady, don't cry. Everything in life gets straightened out.*"

"He was a kind taximan," said the Visitor, "and he was right."

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

Will Tobacco Smoke Kill Germs?

It is very unlikely, though it may do damage to insects.

Does Shivering Make One Warmer?

Yes; shivering is the effort of the muscles to raise the temperature of the skin.

Why is it Colder When the Earth is Nearest to the Sun?

Because of the tilt of the Earth's axis. When we are nearest to the Sun the Sun's rays, instead of falling vertically, come in a slanting direction. This does not apply, of course, in the Tropics.

What is Prester John's Country?

This legendary priest-king of the twelfth century is said to have been a native of Asiatic Tartary, a descendant of the ancient Magi, and to have established an empire either in Asia (beyond Persia and Armenia) or in Africa (in Abyssinia).

Of What Were the Roofs of Houses Made in the Time of Jesus?

Houses then must, as now, have depended on situation, accessibility of material, and the wealth or poverty of the occupants. Luke (5, 17-20) refers to tiling. Roofs were flat, supported by wooden beams, and formed by rafters of tamarisk or palm trees, with branches, twigs, and matting laid across, and earth laid over and trodden down, the whole being covered with a compost of mud or clay which hardened as it dried.

THE ZOO READY FOR EASTER

ELEPHANTS AND CAMELS GO INTO TRAINING

Animals Throwing Off Their Winter Overcoats

NEWCOMERS FROM ABROAD

By Our Zoo Correspondent

As Easter is the beginning of the Zoo's busy season arrangements for the arrival of this first holiday of the year are started some weeks beforehand.

The elephants, camels, and llamas all have to grow accustomed to working again before large crowds invade the menagerie, and so early in March these hardworking animals were to be seen in the Gardens taking exercise. By the middle of March riding had started officially, for though on some days there were only a handful of young Zoo visitors who wanted rides on the elephants or camels the animals had to go out to work.

When Easter Is Late

These Zoo creatures who earn their living by giving rides every afternoon during the season, when the weather is favourable, enjoy their work, but even the most patient and even-tempered of them might feel slightly rebellious if they were suddenly called upon to carry hundreds of young admirers in the course of one day after a long period of laziness. Accordingly, they have to begin work after their winter's rest when visitors are still far from plentiful.

When Easter is late the Zoo naturally looks more cheerful for its Bank Holiday crowds, and this year the menagerie is expected to be in a gay mood. A family of dingoes, or Australian wild dogs, have been born, and if the weather is fine these Zoo babies will be exhibited in an outdoor paddock where they will be able to play like domestic puppies.

Brilliant New Plumage

The bison, deer, and antelopes, and also the camels, may have a shabby appearance, for the change from their winter coats to spring ones is not a becoming process; but the birds will not only be clad in brilliant new plumage, but will be gaily displaying their spring fashions. Some of them will be nesting, for the inmates of the Three Island Pond are ever optimistic, and they began to build when the elephants started work.

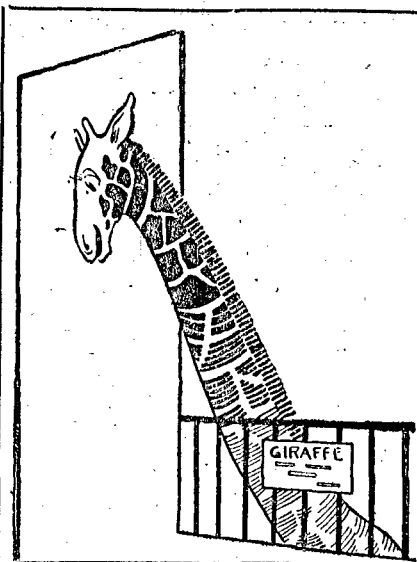
As spring is the most favourable time to transfer animals from their natural surroundings the Zoo also began to acquire newcomers from abroad ready for the Easter visitors. Foremost among newcomers was a collection of vivid Asiatic pheasants and a consignment of animals sent from Calcutta, which consisted of a panda, or cat-bear, two Northern lynx, six cotton teal, and 36 cattle egrets.

WOODEN SLEEPERS

Apparently the steel sleeper is not expected to replace the familiar wooden beams on our railways, for the Great Western Railway Company is laying down a new plant at Hayes.

The new works will consist of electrically-driven machinery for adzing, boring, and bolting the chairs to the sleepers, and there will be two great cylinders in which the sleepers are to be pickled. Each cylinder is to be 90 feet long, with an inside diameter of six feet nine inches, and will accommodate ten specially constructed trolleys, each carrying 66 sleepers. Thus one cylinder will pickle 660 sleepers at a time, creosote being applied at a pressure of 200 pounds to the square inch.

When the new plant at Hayes is finished the yearly production will be about 375,000 sleepers, involving the consumption of not less than a million gallons of creosote.



For
your
Throat



Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants.

Your Chemist stocks them.

In Tins, 2 ozs. 8d. 4 ozs. 1/3

Dullness
Feverishness .
.. Inertia . . .
DEFEATED
Speedily and Safely
THIS
WAY!



Nothing tunes-up little systems and restores glowing, energetic health more speedily than Feen-a-Mint. Mothers all over the country know that the minor ailments from which children suffer are usually caused by poisons which clog the system. These must be removed quickly, otherwise danger threatens. Feen-a-Mint, because it is so pleasant to take (children love its sweet mint flavour); because its action is so utterly natural; because it is definitely non-habit forming, is the safest laxative to give. Keep a box handy in the home. 1/3 buys enough for several weeks.

Feen-a-mint
The chewing does it

Obtainable at all chemists, 1/3 a box.

FREE SAMPLE. Send your name and address and 1d. in stamps (to cover postage) to:

WHITE'S LABORATORIES LTD.,
(Dept. C. 3) 14, Bush House, London, W.C.2.

The wonderful crimson cloth for their robes is the family secret of a cloth merchant of Burtscheid, near Aix-la-Chapelle. For centuries this family has passed down from father to son the secret process for making the glowing dye. Strangely enough, they are all to this day strict Protestants.

THE FLYING BANDIT

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

What Has Happened Before

Jock Freeland goes to the rescue of a flying-man, Finch Hanley, who has been robbed of his precious cargo, the famous Meripit Emeralds. With Jock's help the plane gives chase. The thieves' car is overturned, and Hanley makes a hurried landing.

He goes off to see what has happened, leaving Jock in charge of the plane.

Presently Jock sees a man coming toward him, carrying a box. It is one of the thieves.

Jock hides in the plane—and finds, to his horror, that the man intends to fly her.

In mid-air the thief faints; but Jock guides the plane to safety.

He takes out the jewels and hides them.

CHAPTER 5

Jock Gives His Word

Jock thought hard. He hated the idea of being tied up and carried like a pig in a net without a chance of seeing where they were going. Yet if he gave his promise not to escape he was even worse off for, sooner or later, Red was bound to find out that the emeralds were missing. He decided to bargain.

"I'll promise not to bolt until we get—wherever we're going. Will that be enough?"

"Quite enough," replied Red. He chuckled rather grimly. "Once we get there you won't have a chance, son. By the way, what's your name?"

"Jock Freeland."

"Any relation to Captain Ronald Freeland?"

"He's my dad. Do you know him?"

"Met him once. Good man. Is he alive?"

"Yes; he's got a job in Persia."

"And you're at school in England?"

"Yes."

Red nodded. "I'm not going to tell you my name, but you can call me Red if you like. Now we must be shifting." He looked at the petrol gauge and pursed his lips.

"Just enough to take us there, I reckon."

"But you can't fly her," said Jock bluntly.

Red laughed. It was marvellous how he had recovered.

"If I can't you can take on again, Jock, but I reckon I can handle her all right."

"What—with that hole in your leg!"

"You've patched it up all right. If I had a drink I'd be game for anything."

"There's a basket in behind," Jock told him. "A thermos in it, I think."

The basket held sandwiches and a thermos nearly full of hot coffee. Red drank thirstily and ate a couple of sandwiches and the colour came back to his cheeks. Jock too had some coffee and was glad of it.

"Wish you'd pull over the prop for me, Jock," said Red.

Jock climbed out and did as Red had asked. When he had got in again Red advanced the throttle, and the big machine started forward. Next moment she was in the air and Red headed her out to sea.

"Yes, we're going across to Wales," he said, answering Jock's unspoken question.

"Ever been there?"

"No," Jock answered truthfully.

"All the better for me," said Red, with a grin.

It was a most pleasant and infectious grin, and Jock could not reconcile it with the idea of this man's being a thief. He took his seat alongside the other and said no more.

It was barely twenty minutes before Jock saw the lights of a big town beneath them. Behind were high hills.

Red, flying very high, crossed the hills and kept on northwards. Beneath him Jock saw rivers resembling silver threads in the moonlight, hills and once a good-sized lake; then they were over a great stretch of high moorland, and all of a sudden Red cut out and began to descend.

They were dropping, Jock saw, into a hollow, and beneath was a house half hidden by trees. In front of it lay a stretch of grass which sloped to a swift brook. As they came close to the ground Red switched on the lights and next moment made a perfect three-point landing.

"Here we are," he said cheerfully. "And here's my housekeeper coming to meet us." He glanced at Jock. "If you're thinking of doing a bunk my advice is—don't. That chap of mine can run a lot faster than you."

Jock looked at the man, whom he could see plainly in the glare of the wing lights. A tall, lean fellow of somewhere between 30 and 40, with a long, narrow face, a beaky nose, and tight-lipped mouth. Jock did not like the look of him.

"What's wrong, boss?" asked this man as he reached the plane.

"A heap," replied Red carelessly. "Car went smash. But don't worry, Jasper, I've got the stuff."

"You've got something else," said Jasper, fixing his hard eyes on Jock.

"The lad's all right," replied Red. "You'll treat him decently, Jasper, for if it hadn't been for him I'd have been busted higher than a kite. But he'll have to stay here a day or two until things are fixed up. Put him in the top room, then come back for me. I've a hole in my leg and can't walk."

Jasper beckoned to Jock, and Jock climbed out and went with him to the house.

It was bigger than he had thought and looked solid and comfortable. Creepers covered the grey stone walls and there were flower-beds beneath the windows. The front door opened into a square hall. Jasper took him up two flights of stairs to the top of the house, opened a door and signed to Jock to go in. So far he had not said a word, but now he spoke.

"I don't know who you are or why Red brought you. But I'll give you a word of warning. Try any monkey business and you'll be sorry you were born."

Jock looked at him.

"Your boss told you to treat me decently. Do you call that sort of talk decent?"

Jasper's greenish eyes narrowed.

"You crow loud, my cock sparrow. Likely you won't have so much to say after you've been here a week." Then he went out, locking the door behind him.

Jock sat on the bed. "I'd better have kept my mouth shut," he said to himself. "I've only put his back up."

He was tired and sleepy, and the bed, though narrow and hard, had clean sheets and looked inviting. Jock had a wash, and was just turning in when the key turned and the man Jasper came in again.

"Boss said you was to have some grub," he remarked sourly, and dumped down a tray on which was a plate of cold meat, bread, butter, and some rather mouldy-looking cheese, and went off.

Jock was not hungry. The coffee and sandwiches had been enough. He blew out the candle but now, instead of turning in, went across to the window. The moonlight showed that it was quite 30 feet from the ground. It showed something else too: four stout iron bars fastened across the casement, close together.

Jock tried them, one by one, but they were firm as the stout pine timber to which they were fastened. His heart sank. So far, it seemed, they had not found out about the emeralds; but they were bound to do so in the morning, and Jock did not like to think of what Jasper would do when he discovered how they had been tricked.

"My only chance is to get away before he finds out," he thought.

CHAPTER 6

Jock Finds Patience a Virtue

THE first thing was to find out how the bars were fastened. It was too dark to see, but feeling with his finger-tips he was greatly relieved to find that they were screwed to the wood. Out came his knife.

It was a bigish knife and, as it happened, one blade was broken off short and could be used as a screwdriver. Jock did not dare to light his candle, but the moon gave some light and he set to work at once.

It was not as easy as he had hoped. The screws were rusted in and refused to budge. Then a bright idea came to him. He had been dry fly-fishing the previous afternoon and still had in his pocket the little corked tube of thick paraffin which he had used to oil his flies. He got a feather out of the pillow and dabbed some of this oil on the heads of the screws and the woodwork around them.

While this soaked in he took the sheets off the bed, laid them on the floor and began to cut them into strips. He was in the middle of this job when he heard the stairs creak. Someone was coming up. In a flash he had stuffed the sheets under the bed and slipped between the blankets, where he lay with his heart pounding.

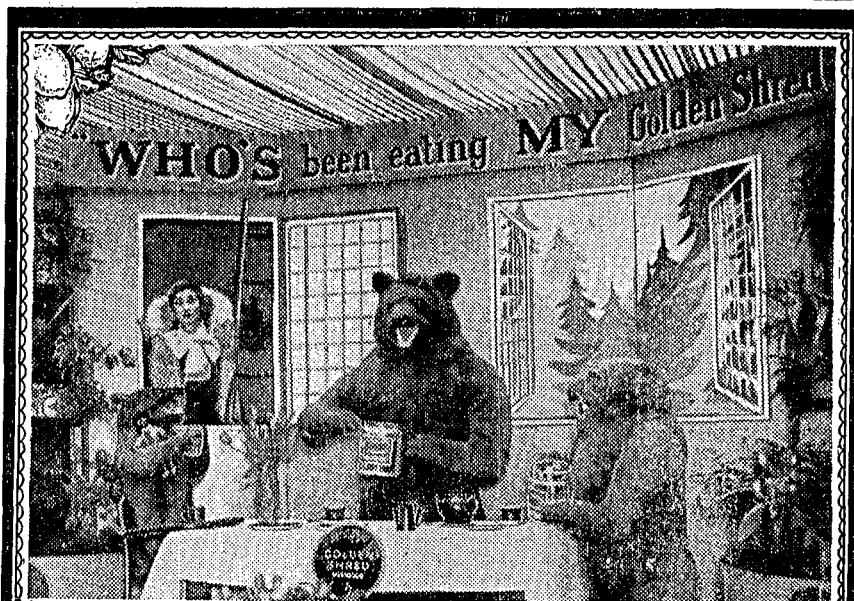
Steps came along the passage. Jock gave himself up for lost. Jasper had found that the jewels were gone and was coming after him. The steps stopped outside his door, and the suspense was almost more than Jock could bear. Yet the key did not turn. Seconds passed, each seeming as long as a minute, then the man turned away and Jock heard him go down again.

"It was Jasper," Jock gasped. "Spying. Phew!"

He waited for a good five minutes, but the only sound was the closing of a door below. Jasper had gone to bed at last. Jock got up and started afresh on his sheets.

Each he split into four and, twisting the strips, knotted them firmly together, making

Continued on the next page.



"Who's been eating my 'Golden Shred'?"

—roared the bear. "I have," said Miss Margot Grahame, the famous film star, looking in at the window. "I think it is the best marmalade there is. No wonder they call it the world's best marmalade."



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a rope quite long enough to reach the ground. When he had finished it he tied one end to a window-bar and tested it yard by yard. It seemed rather flimsy, yet he reckoned it would hold his weight.

Now for the screws. To his delight the oil had done the trick and the first screw came out easily. But the second—there were two in each bar end—was obstinate, and when Jock put his weight upon the knife there was a sharp snap and the rest of the blade broke clean away.

For a moment Jock was utterly dismayed, for it seemed as if his last hope had gone. But there was another blade and he was on the point of breaking it off when he had a fresh inspiration. Instead of trying to turn the screw he decided to cut it out.

The wood surrounding it was almost as hard as iron, but by degrees Jock carved it away until he had a hole half an inch deep on one side of the screw.

Now if he could only find a lever!

It did not take him long. The bedstead was an iron one, and, pushing off the mattress, Jock took one of the metal slats and found that he had just the tool he wanted. He jammed the end under the screw head and worked until at last the thing began to loosen. Then he took hold of the bar and pulled. There was a snap which sounded so terribly loud that Jock stood breathless, expecting someone would rouse. But the silence remained unbroken, and Jock began to pull on his clothes.

All this had taken a very long time and the false dawn was already dimming the stars. Jock had meant to be well away before daylight, yet in spite of his hurry he took good care to tie his sheet rope very firmly to a bar. At the last minute he remembered he had had no breakfast and had no money to buy any. So he filled his pockets with the bread and meat from the tray. Then he threw the end of his rope out and, squeezing between the bars, went down hand over hand.

To his horror he found that there was a first-floor bedroom window exactly below his. He had not seen it before because of the thick ivy, and now he had to pass in front of it. The upper part of the sash was open, so it looked as if someone were sleeping in the room. The blind was down, but not all the way. Each instant Jock expected to hear a

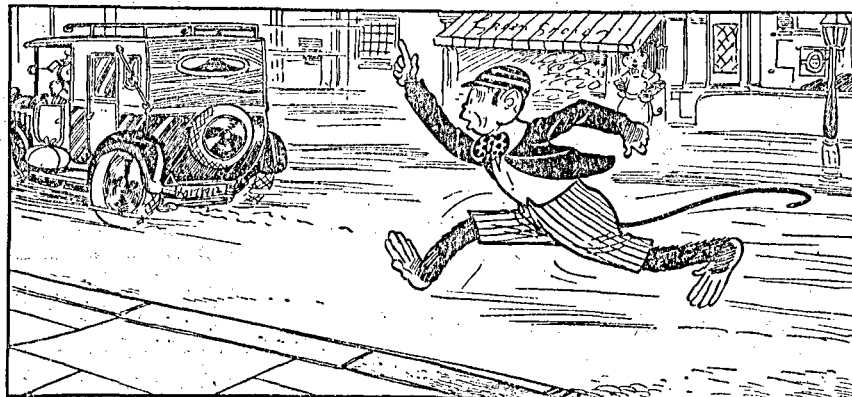
Continued in the last column

JACKO JUST TOO LATE

As soon as ever spring-cleaning was mentioned Father Jacko was sure to lose his temper.

"Turning the place upside-down and making everybody uncomfortable for days. I've no patience with such nonsense!" he stormed.

"It won't take long," said Mother Jacko, soothingly; "it must be done, the place is filthy."



The taxi was moving rapidly away

"Rubbish!" snapped Father Jacko. "I warn you; I won't have my room upset. I'll have my meals there till the house is fit to live in again. I'll sleep there too," he shouted. "You can make me up a bed on the sofa."

But it was Father's little smoking-room that Mother Jacko was most eager to get to work on. Directly he was safely out of the house she called Jacko to her.

"Listen, Jacko," she said. "I'm going to do your father's room today, and it must be finished before he comes home from the office. I want you to take a parcel to the Cleaners."

Tell them I must have the things back by five o'clock. You can call for them after tea," she added.

Jacko grinned, and a few minutes later ran out of the house with a huge parcel under his arm. He delivered it at the Cleaners—and went back again for it directly after tea.

As he came out of the shop, with the bundle under his arm, he ran into

Chimp. While they stood talking Jacko rested his parcel for a minute on the step of a taxi that was drawn up by the kerb.

But when he looked round for it it wasn't there!

The taxi was moving rapidly away. And so were Father's curtains!

Jacko shouted and flew after it; but it was some time before he could attract the driver's attention; and when he did the man was furious.

But his fury was nothing to Mother Jacko's when Jacko turned up, half an hour later, side by side with his father on the doorstep!

It was a stormy house that night.

shout, but there was no sound and he reached the ground in safety.

He stood a moment looking round to get his bearings. All was open ground in front, but what Jock wanted was cover. There was a clump of laurels to the left, and he went swiftly toward it. His one object was to put as much distance as possible between himself and the house.

His troubles were not over. With a snarling growl a dog came at him out of a path leading through the shrubbery; a huge tawny beast with bloodshot eyes.

Jock had not even a stick, but he had something better, a knowledge and love of dogs. Instead of bolting, he stood perfectly still, facing the great hound. "Hulloa, old chap!" he said in a casual sort of voice.

The dog stopped too, but the growl still rumbled in his throat.

"You think I'm a trespasser," went on Jock with a smile. "So I am, but I'm not doing any harm. It strikes me you look hungry. I don't expect you've had any breakfast. What about a bit of mutton?" Very quietly he slipped his hand into his pocket and brought out a slice of meat. And all the time kept on talking in the same slow, gentle voice.

He stretched out his hand toward the dog with the meat lying in the palm. The dog stopped growling and came a step nearer. He was hungry and the mutton smelled good. Jock stood like a statue, and step by step the dog approached.

"If he'll only take it!" thought Jock.

The great creature took the meat. He ate all that Jock had, and before he had finished Jock was stroking his massive head. When at last Jock moved away the dog followed him. At the end of the path was a wicket-gate leading into a wood. Jock shut it firmly in the face of his four-footed friend, walked quietly till he was out of the dog's sight, then started to run. He ran until he was breathless. The path wound among the trees and he could not tell in the least where he was going.

Suddenly he came out into the open. In front was a river thundering in a foaming rapid between high banks. Once there had been a foot-bridge, but some winter flood had carried it away. Jock pulled up short. There was no way across. At that moment he heard a deep baying in the distance. The great hound had been set on his track

TO BE CONTINUED

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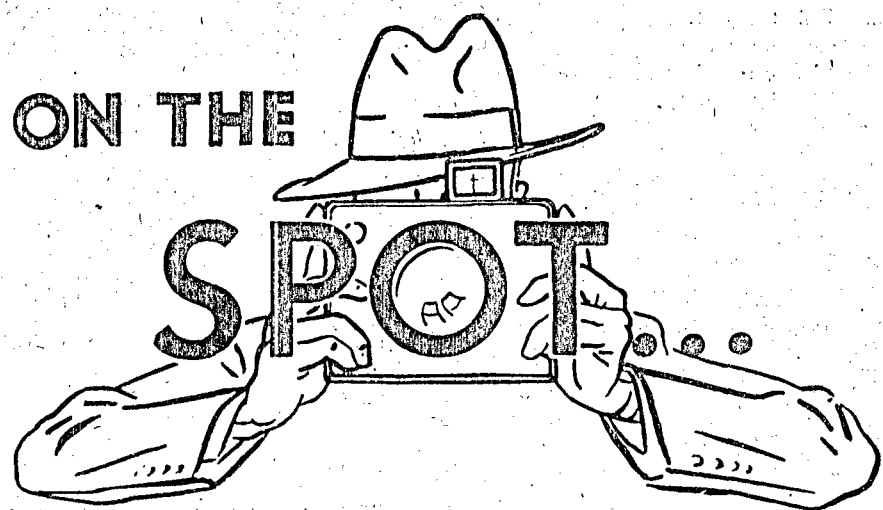
This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from—Hugon & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, Manchester.

RECIPE

6 oz. Flour. 3 oz. Shredded 'ATORA'
Flat teaspoonful Baking Powder.
Pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, baking powder, salt and Suet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin, and spread over with jam, marmalade, or golden syrup. Roll over, pinch top and bottom edges together. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, flour it, and wrap round pudding, tie ends with string. Steam for 2 hours.

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April 8, 1933

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THE BRAN TUB

A Milk Problem

A MILKMAN had a can containing eight quarts of milk, and two empty cans capable of holding, one five quarts and the other three. He wanted to divide the eight quarts equally, so that two customers could have four quarts each. How did he do it?

Answer next week

Panama Canal Stamp

WHEN the Panama Canal was opened some twenty years ago the Republic of Panama issued a special series of stamps to commemorate the event. One of the stamps, illustrated here,



shows a map of the canal and two diminutive ships, one entering and one leaving the waterway. Strange as it may seem the Pacific Ocean is on the right-hand side of the map and the Atlantic on the left. This is due to the Central American "hairpin bend."

Try Your Strength

TAKE the tray from an empty matchbox and lay the cover on its side on a smooth table. Now stand the tray on one end crosswise on the cover, placing it approximately in the middle.

Ask a friend if he thinks that with one downward blow of the flat of his hand he can smash the box. When he tries to perform this apparently simple feat the result will surprise him, for the two parts will shoot aside undamaged.

Arithmetical Word

FIRST a thousand write down plain; Half of two; and then again Fifty; and a third of one. If you have this rightly done You'll see with pleasure An English measure.

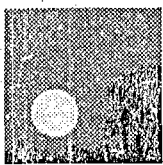
Answer next week

The Singing Kettle

A KETTLE sings before the water boils because a number of tiny bubbles rise from the bottom to the surface and burst. The sound of these numerous little explosions merges into a continuous note which tells us that the water is on the point of boiling.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening Mars, Jupiter, and Neptune are in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Monday, April 10.



Hearing a Pin Drop

THE expression "quiet enough to hear a pin drop" is said to have originated at auction sales once held at Lloyd's Coffee House in London.

Instead of using a hammer the auctioneer stuck a pin into a lighted candle, and bids were made until the pin fell out of the melted grease. The company often became quite silent when the pin was about to fall.

A Charade

MY first is an adverb in frequent use,
My second's a musical note;
To accept of my whole you will not refuse,
Twill your ease and comfort promote.

Answer next week

Why April is Showery

APRIL is a month of showers, and the reason for this is interesting.

The Sun is now getting hotter, and the layers of air nearest to the Earth become warm during bright spells. In addition a great deal of moisture is drawn up from the Earth, still very damp from the winter rains. These warm and moisture-laden layers of air move upward, their place being taken by colder layers from the higher atmosphere. When the damp, warm air comes into contact with the colder air, clouds are formed, and these may be so heavily

charged with moisture that a sharp shower is experienced.

During and for a while after the shower we are surprised to find how cold it has become. This is due to the chilly air from above taking the place of the warm air that has mounted upward. These air movements account for the strong gusts of wind which precede the showers.

Ici On Parle Français



Le champignon Le fossé Le casque
mushroom moat helmet

Il y a des champignons vénéneux.
Il lui fallut traverser le fossé.
C'est le casque du soldat romain.

What Am I?

BY Nature's law to me is given
The greatest power under heaven;

The proudest people I confine,
Who silently themselves resign,
And own obedience by a nod.
To me, their more than demi-god.
So universal is my sway
That high and low my laws obey.
If more of me you wish to know,
Inquire not of the sons of woe,
But of the weary and the gay,
Who to me their homage pay;
Though, while they in my power remain,
Should you inquire twill be in vain.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Behatted Fish. Tr-out

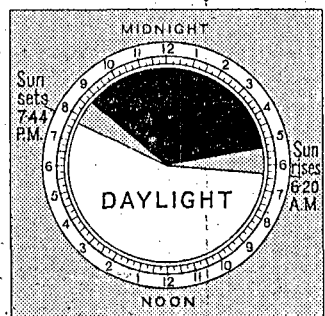
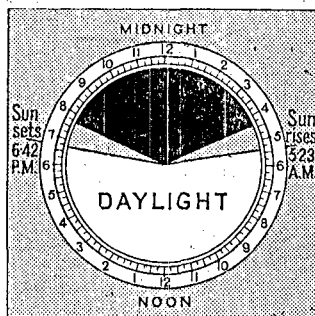
A Charade. Candle-stick

What Bird Is This? Wryneck

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

D	I	F	F	U	S	E	M	I	S	S	I	O	N
O	E	E	O	A	S	I	S	I	D	I	O		
P	I	E	R	S	E	C	B	R	E	D			
B	E	G	O	P	E	R	A	T	E				
R	A	N	S	O	M	G	R	A	I	L	E	R	
O	R	E	T	B	E	D	R	T	W	E			
A	B	A	S	E	T	A	S	S	E	T	A		
D	E	E	M	D	R	A	M	A	M	O	A	T	

How Summer Time Alters Our Day



THESE two charts show how Summer Time gives us an extra hour of daylight at the end of the day. They indicate (left) daylight, darkness, and twilight on April 8, the last day of Greenwich Time, and (right) on April 9, the first day of Summer Time.

Dr MERRYMAN

Awkward

JACK: My chief has the worst memory I ever heard of.

Bill: Forgets everything, does he?

Jack: Rather not; he remembers everything!

Caught

MR JOLLIBOY was standing in a street crowd.

"Has anybody dropped a wad of pound notes with a rubber band round them?" he asked.

"Yes, I did," cried several voices.

"Well, I've just picked up the rubber band," said Mr Jolliboy, as he edged his way through the crush.

Worn Out



I NEED you, Mrs Needle (said the stocking),

I'm in a dreadful hole—it's really shocking!

Unless you mend me quick, without a doubt

I'm pretty sure they'll never wear me out!

Almost Acceptable

A NEWLY-RICH American was anxious to be received in exclusive circles.

"Did your ancestors come over in the Mayflower?" asked a member of an old family.

"Not exactly," replied the ambitious one, "but I'm told that one of them ran for the boat and just missed it."

Unlucky

SPONGER was feeling very disappointed.

"I don't think much of old Smith," he confided to Jenkins. "I asked him to lend me a couple of pounds and he refused point-blank."

"Yes," said Jenkins, apparently agreeing, "this club is full of men like that, and"—edging away—"I am one of them."

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

IN a small out-station in India Johnson, the magistrate, was trying a case. A man came up to him with a note. Opening it, Johnson read these words, "Tiger in well. Please arrange."

"Really, these Indians!" thought the magistrate. "Tiger in well! I expect it is a jungle cat."

The minutes went by. A second note was brought to the magistrate; this time it read, "Tiger in well, man killed, please arrange."

Then the magistrate was out of the court in a moment, hailed the man who had brought him the note to show him the way to the well, told him to jump into the back of the car, and drove off as fast as he could go.

At last the village was reached. Johnson found the villagers in a state of great excitement. They told him that there really was a tiger in the well, that a man had gone to the edge of the well to investigate, had peered down, that the tiger had sprung up and had killed him.

The magistrate thought for a few moments. At last he said, "Now I want two volunteers to walk on each side of me. All three of us will be armed with bricks. When we reach the edge of the well we must throw these down."

But this plan was not a success; the three had to beat a hasty retreat as the tiger jumped up at them, and they only just ran back to safety in time.

"Fetch that charpoy," (a bed made of rope that the Indians sleep on), said the magistrate. "I shall put it over the top of the well, then the panther—for it is a panther, not a tiger—cannot jump up at us."

Johnson deftly and swiftly fixed the charpoy over the well. Then the villagers surged forward; they were very brave now that there was no danger of the panther springing up at them. They fired again and again at the panther till it was dead.

"Now," said Johnson, "let me down the well on a rope and I'll bring the panther up."

This was done.

"Please, sahib," said Abdul, one of the Indians, "may I have the skin of the tiger?"

A TIGER IN THE WELL

"You may," said the magistrate; "but it is not a tiger, you know, it is a panther."

"No, no," said the Indian, "it is a young tiger."

The magistrate did not bother to argue the point, but as the Indian was tying the beast to a pole, preparatory to carrying it through the village home, Johnson said, "Take care of his whiskers, won't you?"

"Yes, yes, sahib," was the reply.

But when Abdul reached home he found that all the whiskers of his "tiger" had been plucked out as it was carried through the village. For the Indians believe that tiger's whiskers, ground up and pounded, make an excellent love potion!



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